

the NATIVE VOICE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

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VANCOUVER, B.C., NOVEMBER, 1958

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Native Voice Princess Nora Moody



—Courtesy Vancouver Province

PRETTY YOUNG INDIAN PRINCESS Nora Moody, wearing her authentic and colorful Indian dress which is more than 100 years old, proudly holds a copy of The Native Voice special edition which has won wide acclaim for its equally authentic and colorful stories and legends. Nineteen-year-old Princess Moody, named Sockeye Princess at this year's elaborate Salute to the Sockeye at Squilax, British Columbia was previously named a Princess. She is on the staff of The Native Voice.

NEAR ST PETER

Pontiff Laid to Rest

VATICAN CITY. — With awesome ceremony, the Roman Catholic Church committed Pope Pius XII to eternal rest October 13 near the tomb of St. Peter.

The giant bells of St. Peter's Basilica tolled a dirge as the body of the Pope, encased in three coffins, was lowered into the massive stone foundations of the Basilica.

Twenty-two cardinals of the church, among them Paul-Emile Leger of Montreal, sat with bowed heads as the eulogy was read by Msgr. Nicola Meta, chosen by the cardinals for that task.

The mournful tones of the Miserere, chanted by the Vatican's Julian Choir, rose and fell through the recesses of the Basilica throughout the funeral services.

The decision to place Pius XII near the burial place of St. Peter was a quick one, made by the cardinals.

Before that it had been expected that the Pope would be placed near the original burial place of Pope Pius X whose sainthood he proclaimed May 29, 1954.

Pius XII had expressed a desire to be buried in that place. Selection of the new resting place close to the church's first Pope was seen as an additional mark of esteem for Pius XII.

DEATH ENDS ERA

CASTELGANDOLFO — Pope Pius XII, 262nd successor to St. Peter, died at 3.52 a.m. on the morning of October 9 in a second floor bedroom in his apartments at the papal summer residence here.

Millions of Catholics everywhere, who had been praying first for the Pope's recovery and then as recovery seemed impossible for his happy death, fell to their knees to plead for repose of his soul as word of his demise swept swiftly to the four corners of the earth.

Meanwhile a flood of condolence messages poured into the Vatican and the world figures of all faiths paid warm tribute to the Pope of Peace.

Thus ended a life and era.

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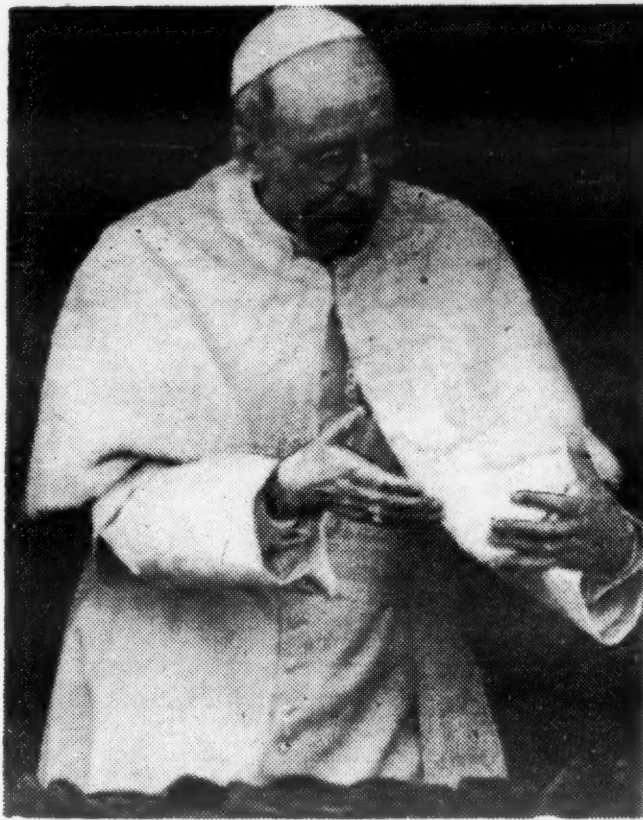
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POPE PIUS XII — March 2, 1876 - Oct. 9, 1958

HIS HOLINESS, Pope Pius XII, Vicar of Christ, 262nd Successor to St. Peter, Bishop of Rome, Sovereign Pontiff of the Holy Catholic Church. Pope Pius XII, who passed away October 9, 1958, was known as the "Pope of Peace", whose speeches again and again carried "peace" as their theme. He described it as the "irreplaceable mission of our day" and symbolically, his seal showed a white dove with an olive twig in its beak.

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Sockeye Saluted, Princess Elected

For the first weekend it was cold and wet, but thousands of interested people from the neighboring area and from other parts of the province came to Squilax, B.C., last month to join in the special centennial Salute to the Sockeye.

And they named Miss Nora Moody of North Vancouver Sockeye Princess with Violet Gottfriedsen and Gladys So-Happy attendants, as the Adams River run, which has yielded a big harvest to British Columbia fishermen and fishing companies, came to the spawning grounds.

The estimated two million salmon, which kept pouring through the Fraser and Thompson into their Adams River spawning grounds, were a unique sight for visitors and their presence promised an equally abundant run four years from now.

Following is a partial account of the opening weekend (October 10-11), but festivities continued to the following weekend. It is taken from the Kamloops Sentinel:

"How does it feel to be famous?" asked 19-year-old Nora Moody, of Squamish, who won the title Sockeye Princess.

"It's fine," she chuckled, possibly thinking of the \$200 prize that went with the title.

Violet Gottfriedsen, 13, of Kamloops, and Gladys So-Happy, 17, from Topenish, Wash., won second and third prizes and each received a wrist watch.

Chief Billy Joseph seemed delighted at the prospect of having many visitors on his reserve, despite the fact that his home has been temporarily requisitioned as a museum of early Indian relics.

Looking resplendent in his fine-feathered head-dress, Billy was busy inspecting the thousands of dollars investment that a week ago was just a desolate turning off the main road.

He went in to examine the conversion of his home . . .

"Don't touch that, duckie," Mrs. Maisie Hurley was saying.

"Ah, I knew that would catch the eye of a real Indian cowboy." She began explaining the history of an old leather stock whip being held by an inquisitive cattleman.

"That was given to me a long time ago by . . ." Then she went on to a bow and arrow, "a hundred years old, which belonged to . . ."

Fondly she handled them, explaining, describing, thoroughly enjoying the intricacies of many a lost Indian art.

Gently she replaced every one. "No, don't touch that, duckie," she cautioned a little boy who was showing too close an interest in an ancient rifle, for these were her own exhibits, a collection that has taken years to acquire and which she has brought up from her home in Vancouver.

Outside, Ron Oram, of Chase, in the guise of Century Sam, was parading up and down dressed as an early B.C. gold prospector.

Behind him trailed Century Sue, his donkey, who was far more interested in the sugar he was getting from the children than anything else.

George Lundie walked around the exhibition grounds, arrived back at his tent, and walked around the grounds again, hoping he wouldn't have any customers.

For George, together with his wife, is looking after the first aid tent, which he brought down from Dawson Creek especially for Salute to the Sockeye.

Co-operating in the comprehensive Fisheries Pavilion exhibit covering all phases of the Adams River run were the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union, Fisheries Association, Vessel Owners Association, federal fisheries department, International Pacific Salmon Commission, International North Pacific Fisheries Commission, Fisheries Research Board of Canada, provincial department of recreation and conservation, Vancouver Aquarium, Game Commission, UBC Fisheries Institute and the Federation of Fish and Game Clubs.

Included in the Pavilion were fish cooking demonstrations ably handled by Mary Allman Smith, home economist of the federal fisheries department.

Tours of the spawning beds were being conducted by guides from the Salmon Commission and department of fisheries.

A banquet in Chase, addressed by minister of fisheries, J. Angus MacLean, international salmon commission chairman Tom Reid and representatives of the Chase-Salmon Arm Centennial Committee touched off the big show.

The minister promised "close scrutiny" of all projects which might harm the salmon fisheries. He hoped the "Salute" would be held every four years to mark the great Adams River sockeye run which has been rehabilitated to its present dramatic level through joint action of the Salmon Commission and the fishing industry.

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Old Fort York Must Not Be Desecrated

By BIG WHITE OWL

I HAVE been following with deep concern and interest, the news items appearing in our local newspapers telling us about the proposed violation of Old Fort York.

I wish to express, in a few simple words, my point of view on this subject.

Personally, I think the whole affair seems to be a deliberate and well planned act of vandalism. Shame and disgrace shall rest forever upon those officials in the Metro set-up who are directly concerned but who make no effort to save Fort York from this despoilation. . . Although a covenant was entered into by the city of Toronto, and the government of Canada, that the whole area would be used only for park and exhibition purposes and the buildings of the Fort maintained forever.

In moments of meditation and reflection, I have asked myself these questions: I wonder what's the matter with these people who call themselves Canadians? Do they not value the history of this, our great land, Canada? Why do they stand idly by and watch this crazy machine age mutilate, and eventually destroy the cradle that rocked and nourished the infant Toronto? But to these questions I found no answers.

About eight years ago, I did considerable amount of publicity work for the various organizations interested in preserving Old Fort York. And our appeal was not in vain. We were successful in persuading the Toronto City Council to grant a sizeable sum of money to rescue the old fort from utter ruin. . . the sagging timbers and the crumbling floors were rebuilt. The debris-strewn yard was cleaned up and re-sodded. Finally, the old fort was officially opened to visitors, tourists and students, and all was well for a few years.

Now the old fort is under the threat of serious injury again. The Frederick Gardiner Elevated Expressway is encroaching upon its sacred ground, and they are bull-dozing an old military cemetery in oblivion. This, I think, is an act utterly devoid of sensible human behaviour. . . It is very much the same as that of desecrating the sanctity of motherhood.

Far too many Canadians seem to forget that our land, despite its very brief history, has a colorful background rich in valor and romance. . . These are things which must never be destroyed. Therefore, I maintain that old Fort York is a sound and good investment in national culture. It must be preserved at all cost!

Here are a few things you might do to help the cause: Write a letter to the editor of your newspaper. Write a letter to your

Special Edition Revives Early Tales of Indians

(Vancouver Daily Province)

B.C. INDIANS have added a touch of authority to colorful legends and stories of early B.C. in a special centennial edition of *The Native Voice*. This is the official organ of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

The 48-page publication contains numerous pictures and sketches to illustrate stories of Indian history.

Articles such as *The Indian Legend of the Raven*, *Chief Testleyee's Ceremonial Mask*, and *The Weeping Totem of Tan* are sprinkled with Indian names and words.

Some of the articles are taken from the unpublished autobiography of the late Amy E. C. Campbell-Johnston, mother of Maisie A. C. Hurley, publisher of *The Native Voice*, and Mrs. Constance Cox, first white girl born at Old Hazelton.

P.S.—Copies can be obtained from the office of *The Native Voice*, 325 Standard Building, 510 West Hastings St., Vancouver B.C., at \$1.73 per copy which includes social security and municipal aid tax. Phone for a copy by calling MUTual 5-7434.

B.C. Indians Need Higher Education

Many people in B.C. are quick to condemn Indians but slow to accept them as equals, the Roman Catholic bishop of Prince Rupert said here the weekend.

Most Rev. Fergus O'Grady, OMI, who has 4,000 Indian Catholics in his 135,000 square mile diocese said in an interview:

"Many people in other parts of the province are apparently quick to condemn Indians over an incident such as the Prince Rupert riot, but slow to accept them into jobs, neighborhoods and the life of the community."

"You cannot expect the Indian to conform to white society, customs and manner if he is not educated alongside white children from kindergarten up."

The bishop said the most pressing need of B.C. Indians today is higher education in joint white-Indian high schools.

Several Prince Rupert labor organizations have asked the government for a royal commission charging discrimination against the Indians the August 3 riot.

Bishop O'Grady, who has been 20 years in Indian education, said Indians do not lack intelligence. What they have lacked in the past, said, is encouragement and someone to foster initiative at an early stage.

A survey in his diocese has revealed need for accommodation for Indian high school students over the next five years. He said the school for Indian and white children must be built by September of next year to take the start of the group.

Fourteen of the 60 grade 7 to 10 students at Prince George Catholic integrated high school are Indians. They board with white families, said they come from some distance.

"We have Indian nurses, teachers and stenographers now—you would not have seen them 20 years ago," said the bishop. "But there is still a long way to go. The Indians are only one percent of Canada's population."

"You cannot keep them segregated forever."

M.P., or alderman. Write a letter to Metro chairman and to the mayor, condemning their shameful attitude and indifference to this matter.

The preservation of old Fort York and its environs should be the concern of every good Canadian. Move it to a new location. . . never! Better to destroy it!

Native Brotherhood Convention Dec. 2

Branches of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia are electing delegates to attend this year's convention which will take place on December 2 in Prince Rupert.

President Robert Clifton made the announcement last month and reported a big turnout is expected for this important event.

On this year's convention program of proceedings will be such important matters as federal vote, full liquor rights, educational problems, unemployment of Indians, the Prince Rupert riot, social and economic problems of Indians, health problems, the annual B.C. special vote of \$100,000, fisheries, reserve housing, Na-

tive Brotherhood constitution and bylaw, organization office in Prince Rupert and reorganization and election of officers.

Invitations are being sent to a number of organizations and individuals, Mr. Clifton told *The Native Voice*.

Among those who will be invited to attend the historic gathering are the United Fish-

ermen and Allied Workers Union, Fisheries Association, the federal fisheries department, the department of Indian affairs, civic, provincial and federal governments, department of education, churches and several other groups and individuals, including MLA's and MP's.

History, Views of Lillooet Indians

By A. W. A. PHAIR

Before 1858 the Indians in the part had very little contact with the white man.

In 1808, Simon Fraser passed through Lillooet. The Hudson's Bay Company started a fort across the River in Lillooet called Fort Barrens (probably mentioned in the H.B. records) but this was not a great trading district, and never amounted to much.

With the influx of the Cariboo miners changed everything for the area. My grandfather came here about 1861, and was given a lot of land which covered all good land in Pavilion Valley (now Sky Lake).

REV. D. TELFER HAS RETIRED

His retirement has been announced by Rev. D. H. Telfer, M.A., B.D., from the position of executive secretary of the Vancouver-Western Metropolitan Council for Church Extension. Dr. Telfer began his work in this connection when the Council was formed in January, 1951. Under his guidance 50 United Church buildings have been assisted in the seven and one-half years. Succeeding Dr. Telfer as executive secretary will be Rev. R. M. McE, B.A., of Oak Avenue United Church, Whalley, B.C. Mr. Warne graduated from UBC and Union College in 1944, and since then has pastored at Keremeos, West-land and Cloverdale. He has been in home mission and survey in the Lower Mainland and the building of several church buildings. Mr. Warne's appointment also include the position of director of church extension for the province of British Columbia. It is expected that, under his guidance, councils for church extension will be established in other parts of the province.

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Soon, several other settlers came in and every available piece of land with water was taken up. The Carsons, Gillens, Clark, Keathley, O'Hallorans Ehoit, Judge O'Hallorans parents, Coolie, Fountain and Pavilion. At Lillooet: Hoeys Dickey, Riley, Swart, Tasche, Watkinson, Chadwick, Roberts, Sword, Italian, a few Chinese nearer Ashcroft, Cornwalls, Parks, Semlin, Pemberton, Curry, Pool (victim of murder, when all the family were killed, because he had \$20,000 in gold-coins), Mrs. McIntosh and D. Keary.

The government was very wise and allowed the Indians to hold all the land they asked for. The trouble is this led to them taking a lot of land they hold today, and it is no use to them.

They were given fishing rights, and certain hunting rights. A few had trap lines, and there were cases where they lost to the white man, with his more aggressive methods.

The Lillooet Indians must have led a very easy life compared to many other tribes, for here their principal food, the salmon, were always in abundance. Even now the government allows each family 700 salmon a season. Trout were in plenty and they were experts with a spear, and had trap houses on the banks of Seton Creek.

They fished the Fountain Lakes through the ice, and caught all they wanted when they ran up streams.

There were lots of sheep and goats, and quite a few deer, but deer increased very fast after the white man killed off the wolves, and before the cougars came in from the coast some 50 years ago. The Chilcotins who lived in the mountains killed about 8,000 a year, and this can be proved by the amount of gloves they made and sold wholesale in Vancouver at 35 cents a pair. Deer hair was also exported east, and huge piles of deer hair could be seen in their camps.

Grouse were plentiful, and even prairie chickens were here. In the summer the Indians and their families would go into the high mountains, live on groundhogs, deer, trout and grouse. The women would dig roots, pick berries. At Spruce Lake they would lay in a stock of dried trout.

One famous Indian, Hunter Jack, kept everyone out of the Bridge River valley. He brought out a lot of gold, beaver skins. He even kept the Chilcotin Indians out of his territory. He got in trouble once when he tried to bluff some Chinese miners, and drove them out. He was arrested.

He was arrested re the Pool murder, but cleared. Three whites were afterwards arrested, but the

jury let them off. Gave them the benefit of the doubt, but one later committed suicide.

The whites here and the Indians soon became great friends, and there was never any trouble between them. The Indian was not allowed liquor, but there were always bootleggers, mostly Chinese. Many of the whites married Indian women. At first the Church of England had the Lillooet Indians under Mr. Goods, Brown, Sheepshanks, but withdrew to Lytton and the Roman Catholics took over Lillooet, Pemberton and Cariboo.

The Miners built the Anglican Church (St. Mary's) here in 1860.

Smallpox broke out here about 1860, and the Indians died off by the hundreds. Some whites are accused of selling smallpox infected blankets to the Chilcotins which led to the Chilcotin Massacre, when a number of surveyors were wiped out. The next disaster was when the 'flu broke out.

Now most of the Indian villages have almost disappeared, often only leaving one or two families.

Pavilion, Fountain and Pemberton are about the only ones left of any size.

The next greatest disaster was allowing the Indian to go into the beer parlor.

Up to that, the Indian was not doing too badly. Many of their children continued their education, and became nurses, stenographers, teachers, etc., but now many spend their money in beer parlors.

Many have been killed on the railway track, or in auto accidents. Children are neglected. Mothers' pensions are spent for beer and liquor. Many Indians lose their jobs.

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Ceremony in a Lenni Lenape Temple

(Continued)

ON THE morning of the thirteenth day, at early dawn, just as the great-shining-sun arose from the place "Where daylight begins," the Lenni Lenape people would form a single file on the outside of the Temple facing the eastern horizon.

At the very moment when the sun seemed to break away from the edge of Mother Earth, the Lenni Lenape raised their arms in salute and reverence, and once again they uttered that long drawn out weird and wavering wail: "Hoo-o-o-o-o-o" twelve times.

At the conclusion of this haunting prayer cry, "Manit-weal-nuh" offered his farewell chant which went something like this:

O, weech mein nan, O Manitou.
O, weech mein nan, O Manitou.
O, weech mein nan, O Manitou.
O, Ka-tan-ehit-oo-wi-yun.
O, Ka-tan-ehit-oo-wi-yun.
O, Ka-tan-ehit-oo-wi-yun.

O, Ka-tan-ehit-oo-wi-yun.

Ei-ya-bi-ya-eee.

Ei-ya-bi-ya-eee.

Ei-ya-bi-ya-eee.

Yea-a-a-a-a-a-a-hoo!

To the best of my knowledge, there is no real interpretation for this Lenni Lenape chant, although the first seven lines might be translated as follows:

Help us, O Spirit.

Help us, O Spirit.

Help us, O Spirit.

O Supreme Being.

O Supreme Being.

O Supreme Being.

O Supreme Being.

This peculiar chant ended the Ceremony in the Temple but before the worshippers left for their homes, the caretakers and drummers, the elected speaker, all others who owned turtle shell rattles, were given a few strings of Sacred Wampum as a reward for

their various contributions toward making the meeting a successful one. And now the Native worshippers began to disperse, and everybody was happy for there was "peace and friendship" in their hearts.

IN CONCLUDING this article, perhaps it might be well to try to explain that WAMPUM was an

item of great importance in the life of the early Red Indian People.

The wise men of the Lenni Lenape, the seers and prophets, often said: "Wampum is Our Heart." To them it stood forth as a light, a covenant. It was a spiritual emblem. It was a holy object which was believed to have come to the Natives from a supernatural source embodying within it certain supernatural dynamics. This spirit-form was placed in the Conch Shell under the influence of the GREAT MYSTERY who gave it the breath of life and its title.

However, not long after the People came to America, the Red Man's Wampum began to lose its spiritual and material value.

Today only a very few Red Indians know anything about it and what it looked like. In the early days, most of the Wampum was returned to the tribal Wampum Keepers who saved it for future ceremonies and for the making of treaties with white men. It was used also for keeping in record the history, rituals, the religion of the Lenni Lenape, the Delaware Indians, the Grandfathers of All Indian Tribes.

I have spoken!

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CONTINUED

SEVENTH ANNUAL BANQUET

By BIG WHITE OWL

SENATOR JAMES GLADSTONE: I am very pleased to be invited to this great gathering and to meet many representatives of Indian tribes from the east.

I feel it is a great honor to me to be the one chosen from all over Canada to represent our people in the Upper House of our government. We had been planning, my wife and I, to go to San Francisco where we have a daughter, and at that time we were staying with another daughter in Calgary, wait-

ing for her husband to return from a trip. I was sitting having a cup of tea when the phone rang and I heard Mr. Diefenbaker's voice calling me from Ottawa, saying he wanted to appoint me a senator. I very nearly dropped the receiver. I was so surprised and excited, and by that time my wife and daughter were by my side and were just as excited as I.

One of the requirements I had to have to accept this appointment was to own property to the value of \$4,000. My house and property

are on the Reservation which is tribal land, and of course did not count, so I asked the prime minister how much time I had in order to do what was required. He was speaking to me on Tuesday morning and said he must know by Friday morning.

We didn't bother with breakfast but got into the car and went down to Cardston and hunted around and finally found a house that suited us and bought it. It took a little time to get the cash, but on Thursday morning I completed the deal and got a wire off to the prime minister and returned to Calgary. On Friday morning Mr. Diefenbaker acknowledged receipt of my wire and asked me "Would you accept this appointment?" I couldn't say anything for a minute or two, but then I said "I would be happy to accept it because the people who have written to me and those I met when I was in Ottawa last October when the Queen was there, all hoped I would be the one chosen, and therefore I am happy to accept on their behalf."

He said that in five hours the announcement would be made. We waited, excited and tense, but the announcement was not made until the following morning. Then, of course, all the newspaper men and photographers invaded the house. The excitement was almost beyond description.

One of the other things which gives me a sense of pride is that when I came down on the first trip in 1947 with representatives of my province and we went to the parliament building and into one of the committee rooms to lay our brief before a group of people consisting of house of commons members and senators, dealing with the Indian Act. There were three Indians from Ontario sitting at the back of the hall who came up to observe. The representatives who came with me were chosen by ballot and came because I felt that if I had gone alone, my story would probably not have been believed when I got back home.

(Continued Next Month)

Famed B.C. Missionary
G. H. Raley Passes

Rev. G. H. Raley, beloved pioneer missionary among British Columbia Indians, died in Vancouver September 14 at the age of 95 years.

Dr. Raley worked with the Indians at Kitimat, Fort Simpson and other places for more than 40 years.

He was an ardent supporter of the Native Voice and never failed to drop in for a visit to pick up papers for hospitalized natives.

Born in Yorkshire, England, he came to Canada in his early teens and settled near Brockville, Ont.

He entered the Methodist ministry there in 1884 and transferred to the north coast nine years later to set up his mission at Kitimat, then one of the most isolated spots on the Pacific Coast.

With his wife, the only white woman for miles, he spent 13 years ministering to the needs of the Indians.

He was their justice of the peace, judge, postmaster, doctor, meteorologist and general adviser.

With a tiny hand press he turned out the north coast's first newspaper in 1896, he was editor, publisher and sales manager of the quarterly.

Dr. Raley compiled the first dictionary of northern B.C. Indian dialects. He also taught English to Indians.

He moved to Fort Simpson in

1906 and rebuilt the historic church built by Rev. Thomas Crosby. In 1914 he transferred to the Coqualeetza Indian school at Sardis, where he was principal until retiring in 1945.

Since retirement he lived with his daughter, Mrs. G. H. Charlton, at 5561 Olympic, in Vancouver.

FUNERAL WEDNESDAY

Dr. Raley held fellowships in the Royal Geographical Society and the Society of Arts. He had the degree of doctor of divinity conferred on him by the Union Theological College of B.C. for his humanitarian work among Indians.

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Charlton, and a son, George E., of Vancouver.

Funeral service was held Wednesday at 2 p.m. in St. Andrew's-Wesley United Church, Nelson and Burrard, under the auspices of Vancouver Presbytery.

Officiating clergymen were Rev. N. Dermott McInnes, Rev. George Turpin, Rev. W. P. Bunt, and Rev. Douglas H. Telfer. Burial was in Forest Lawn Cemetery.

Many thousands of B.C. Indians mourn the passing of this sincere friend.

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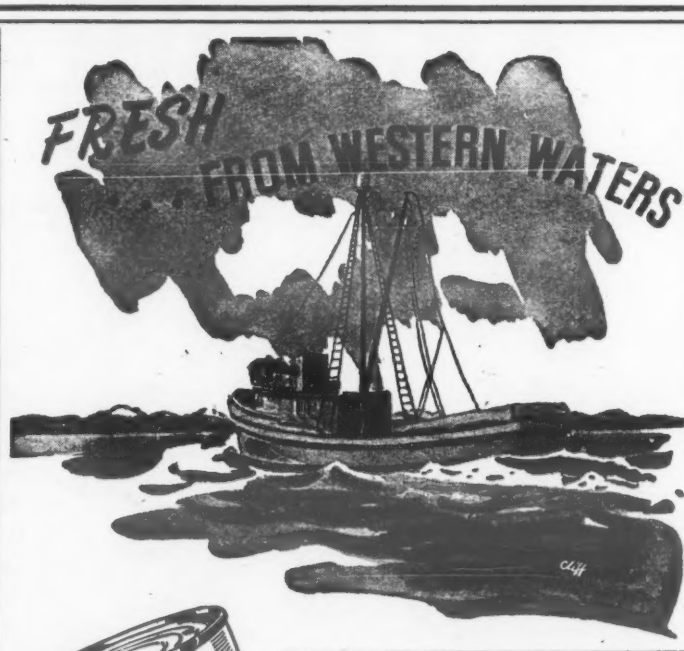
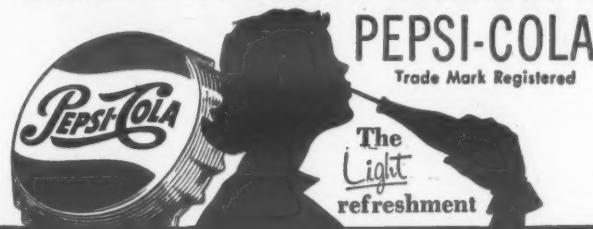


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Attendance of Indians in Non-Indian Schools Soars

Across Canada there has been a rapid increase of Indian pupils in attendance at non-Indian schools, and hence coming under joint federal and provincial responsibility.

So said H. B. Rodine, superintendent of federal Indian schools within the province of Saskatchewan Indian Teachers' Association in Convocation Hall.

He gave figures for this increase. In 1946, he said, there were "very few." In 1949, there were 1,600 treaty Indian pupils in non-Indian schools; in 1955, there were 5,500; in 1957, 7,330. The estimated enrolment for 1958 was 8,500, he said.

Saskatchewan had a total of about 5,000 Indian pupils, of which some 500 were receiving instruction in non-Indian schools.

The total number of Indian pupils in Canada, he told his audience, was now 38,000, so that this left about 30,000 who were receiving instruction in the federal govern-

ment's regular Indian schools.

The rate of absorption of Indians in non-Indian schools, though rapid, was, he stated, slow in relation to the birthrate among the Indian population, and so there could be no let-up in the program for building schools on the reserves. "However, before we start to pour any concrete, he said, "we make inquiries of both the Indian bands and the white communities, whether there is a desire on either side for combining forces, in order to avoid the building of schools that may not be long in use. Sometimes we find that one side considers itself unready for the step, and sometimes the other. In any case, we never force the issue. Both parties must be responsible

for any integration, and both must participate whole-heartedly."

In successive years beginning with 1955, the number of federal Indian teachers within the province was 162, 174, 182 and 194. Next year the estimated number would be 217. "When you go back to our classes in a few days," he remarked, "you will find 900 more pupils facing you than you taught last year."

High school enrolments in particular, he said, were growing so fast that "we face a tremendous problem. In fact, we are stymied to place all those you turned out of grade eight last year." He congratulated his audience on this good work and advised them to keep on doing it.

"You," he concluded, "are part of a body that is doing tremendous things for a race that is undergoing rapid readjustment, with no doubt, attendant emotional stresses. The example you set will have a determining influence on the attitude of your pupils toward further studies, and hence on how they fit themselves into employment."

SARNIA WOMEN WIN ELECTION

Mrs. Eleanor Swain of the Chippewas, was elected president of the Indian Homemakers' Association of Southern Ontario at the organization's annual convention held at the Alderville Indian Reserve, 12 miles east of Peterboro, Ont.

The 1959 Homemakers' convention will be held on Christmas Island Indian Reserve, situated on Georgian Bay a few miles from Penetang, Ont.

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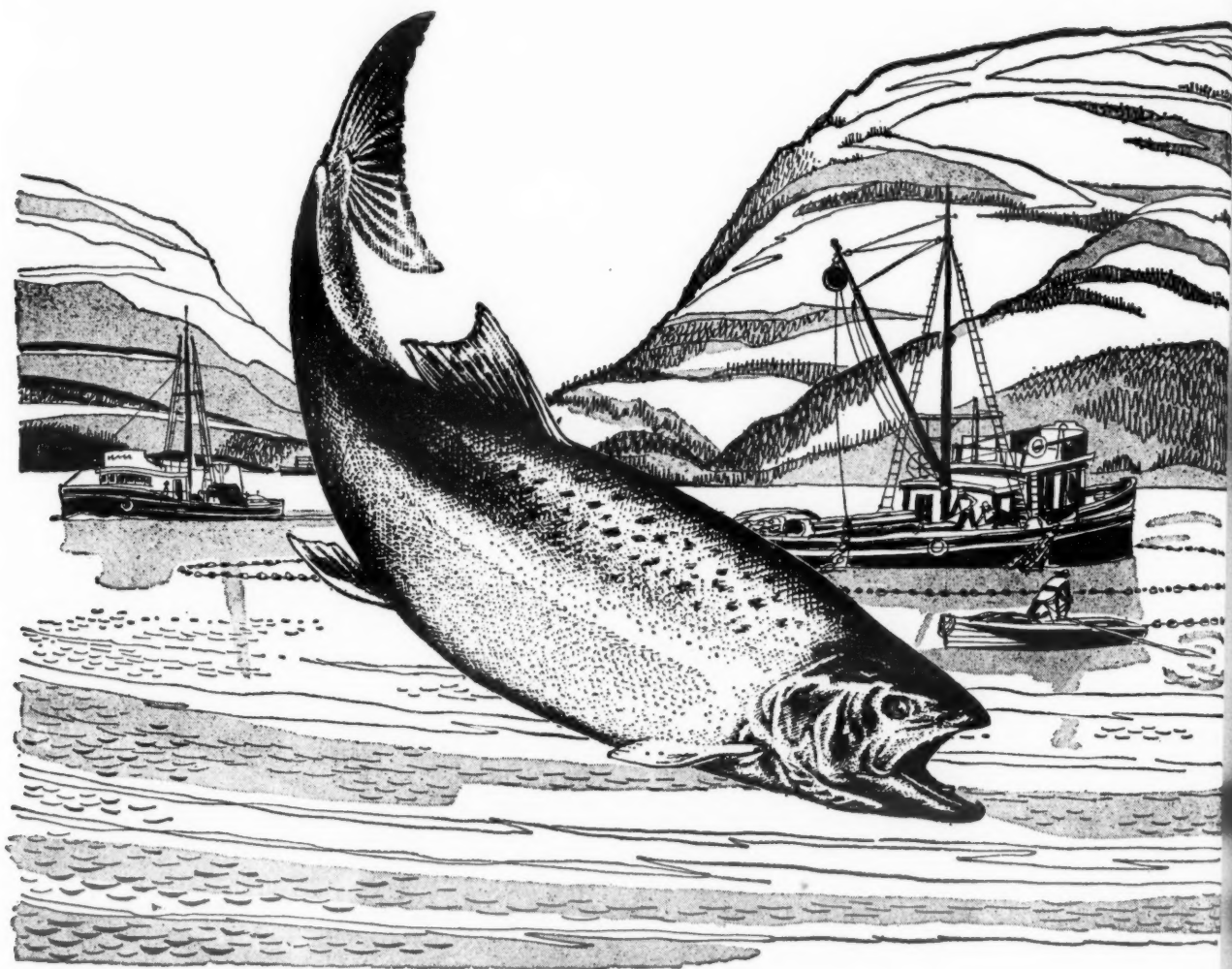
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The fisheries have played a major role in the development of British Columbia. Important in furthering the progress of this province during the *next* hundred years is wise planning for the conservation of the Pacific salmon and other fishes.

The Salmon itself is a multi-million dollar industry, a vital export. It provides both food and sport, a living symbol of this Province.

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Conservation is everybody's business. It should be the concern of people in high and low places, in industry, among fishing fleets and sportsmen, just as it is the concern of the Department of Fisheries of the Government of Canada. This is the surest way to assure plenty of salmon in the next century.

For interesting information about the salmon and other B.C. species write to the Department for free copies of "Fisheries Fact Sheets."



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The Native Voice

The Voice of the Native Canadian

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Brotherhood Founders

Dedicated to Alfred Adams, founder and first president of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, Massett, William Beynon of Port Simpson, Edward Dudoward, Port Simpson, and to Mr. and Mrs. Jane and Stephen Cook of Alert Bay, all of whom have passed on, and to all the great Indians living and dead who have devoted their lives bettering the conditions of their people.



The Late Alfred Adams

*Onward Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.*

Bob Clifton's Message To Princess Margaret

Words spoken by Robert Clifton, President of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., to Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret when she visited him at St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox on Wednesday, 16th July, 1958, during her visit to British Columbia in its Centennial Year.

Your Royal Highness:

I do not think there is any other man in this great Commonwealth of Nations who has had the



honour which to-day you have bestowed upon me. I could not express the words, and I don't know what words to use. As long as life will be in this body I will never forget it personally, but it will be down on our Record Book of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia.

I am sure Sister Superior and the Sisters and Staff of St. Joseph's Hospital join me in a little prayer that

the richest blessings of God be bestowed upon you as you travel through this our great Country until you arrive safely at home.

God Bless You.

About Our Cover

David Neel, Gla-Gla-Kla-Wis, is the son of our famous totem carver, Ellen Neel of Vancouver. She is grand daughter of the late Charlie James and was taught by her grandfather whose totems are all over the world. Dead many years, his totems are priceless. His art has been passed along to Ellen and in turn to her son David. Gla-Gla-Kla-Wis has his own studio in Vancouver. We are grateful to him for our beautiful cover.

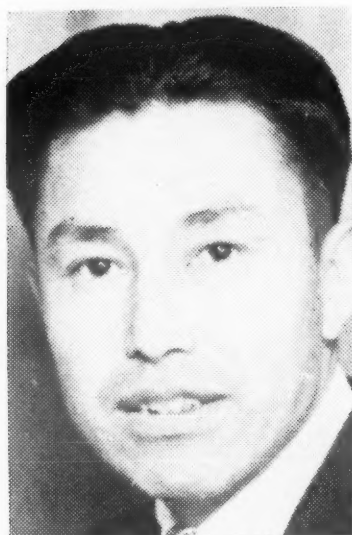
Our Native Editors



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Oklahoma Associate Editor



KITTY CARPENTER
Coastal Associate Editor and President of the Native Sisterhood of British Columbia.



JIMMY ANTOINE
Northern Associate Editor

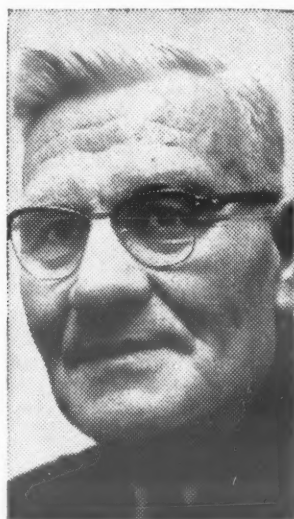


BIG WHITE OWL
(Jasper Hill)
Eastern Associate Editor and an important factor in the success of The Native Voice.



JAMES SEWID
Coastal Associate Editor

Rev. Peter R. Kelly, D.D., has headed the Native Brotherhood's Legislative Committee for many years. Dr. Kelly makes his home on Vancouver Island. He is active in working for the Indian cause.



Page Two



Guy Williams for many years been Legislative Committee member in the Native Brotherhood. A commercial fisherman, acts for the Brotherhood in price negotiations. He is a director of The Native Voice and Public Relations Officer for the paper.



A Message from the Prime Minister

It is indeed fitting that in British Columbia's Centennial Year *The Native Voice* should be publishing a special edition. Its appearance adds a special note to the occasion, a reminder of the long centuries of Indian association with the province.

It is a proud heritage which the Native inhabitants of British Columbia may claim. Of the eleven basic Indian languages of Canada, they are familiar with six. Their ancestral traditions, tribal lore and native crafts represent some of the finest examples of Native culture.

How interesting and how euphonious are such names as Salish, Athapasca, Kootenay, Nootka, Kwakiutl, Haida, Bella Coola and Tsimshian! They add individuality to the nomenclature of the province. As Chief Eagle of the Star Blanket Reserve of Saskatchewan, I am proud of my connection with the first citizens of this county, have a warm sense of solidarity in their aspirations, and rejoice that an Indian representative now sits in the Senate of Canada.

The province of British Columbia is rich in evidence of the unique culture of our Native citizens. The pictorial heraldry which has found expression in varied forms—from totem poles to blanket, basket and mask designs—never ceases to charm. It was thus most appropriate that a special totem pole should have been presented to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, to mark the 100th anniversary of the creation of the colony of British Columbia.

To Native residents of the area, however, this important milestone must seem only one of a long series of proud events extending back thousands of years. The occasion is a reminder of a way of life, of a culture, which preceded Western settlement in British Columbia and which has remained to this day to add its historic note to the progress of a great province.

John J. Diefenbaker

PRIME MINISTER.

Ottawa, 1958.



Chief William Assu, O.B.E., of Cape Mudge, meets Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret.



H.R.H. Princess Margaret

A highlight of British Columbia's Centennial year was the visit of lovely Princess Margaret who charmed many persons she met. The Princess attended a Potlatch at Courtenay arranged by President Robert Clifton of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia.



Robert Clifton, President of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, making his address of welcome to Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret at St. Joseph's Hospital.



Eleven-year-old Sharlene Assu, great granddaughter of Chief Billy Assu of Cape Mudge as she approached the princess to present her with a bouquet of flowers.



Dance of welcome to Her Royal Highness by ladies of the Kwakiutl Nation, Alert Bay.

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and MRS. MARY JOSEPH of the
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A Message from B.C.'s Prime Minister

I am pleased to have this opportunity, in the official publication of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, to convey the Centennial Greetings of the Government of the Province to our Native population.

One of the accomplishments we celebrate in this year of our Hundredth Birthday is the perpetuation of the unique Indian culture that is so much a part of our history. It is no exaggeration to say now, that just as the fame of British Columbia's remarkable progress and development is spreading across the oceans and around the world, so is the distinctive art of our Native Indians.

We could not have chosen a more appropriate monument of our first great century to present to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth than the magnificent 100-foot totem pole which now stands proudly in Windsor Great Park.

I am confident that the world will learn, as time goes on, of other outstanding achievements of our Native Indians, and I welcome the occasion of this Centennial Greeting to commend you on your preservation of the rich Indian heritage which you as the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia hold in trust.

W. A. C. Bennett

Prime Minister.



GLA-WHAY-AGLISS (WILLIAM SCOW)

*A Hereditary Chief of the Kwic-kwa-su-tineuk Tribe
of the Kwaikwilt Nations*

As a chief, William Scow of Alert Bay, second president of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, represents the group of hereditary traditions that are particularly characteristic of the Coast Indians.

Early in his school years Chief Scow was removed by his father in order that he should be brought up in and taught the traditions and customs of his people in preparation for chieftainship. His first official participation took place at Fort Rupert before a gathering of about 2,000 Natives from many tribes, in a ceremony known as the Potlach. This act was his initiation to the intricacies of the many customs and today he is recognized as one of the most colorful orators among the Kwakiutls as well as being an authority on the procedures and orders of the ceremonies.

Chief Scow was the second president of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, the largest Indian organization in Canada, serving the organization for many years.

At the Diamond Jubilee of the City of Vancouver, Chief Scow conferred, on behalf of the Kwakiutl Nations, an Honorary Chieftainship on Earl Alexander of Tunis. This was the first time such an honor was bestowed. The only other one was on former B.C. Lieutenant-Governor Clarence Wallace, C.B.E., at a later date.

Chief Scow's recognition by his people was expressed at the Hazelton Convention where he was unanimously ap-

Page Eight

CHIEF MOULKS . . . SQUAWUMTUM

Many years ago there lived in an old Indian house on the North Vancouver Indian village, three ancient Indians—two men and a woman. None of the Indians knew how old they were but they were sure that they were over 120 years old and they looked it. They lay in their bunks, shrivelled skin stretched like parchment over their shrunken bones—their blind eyes stared ahead out of sunken hollow sockets—wispy snow white hair accentuated dry brown skin. One thought of Time and Age. Still their minds were clear and they seemed to know all that went on about them. Chief Moulks, who seemed the oldest, was a powerful Squawumtum (meaning medicineman in the Squamish language). He was possessed of great supernatural power (power meaning Snarbum). It was claimed that he had the power to bring back the soul of the dead to its earthly body. According to Chief August Jack Khabtsablano, last living member of the Ancient Order of the Dancers, medicinemen who were 40 strong and had the highest spiritual power, Old Chief Moulks, his brother and sister although blind, years before used to push their dugout canoe into the water. Going through the First Narrows and circling Stanley Park, they would arrive at Kitsilano Beach to visit another old Medicineman Toboquamkim, who lived on the Snaug Indian village. Afterwards, they would row back to North Vancouver. Neither currents nor rough water worried them for they knew their way. It was Chief Moulks who named my mother "Maitbklab", meaning Dancer. After my mother passed on, Chief Khabtsablano transferred the name to me.

—Maisie (Campbell-Johnston) Hurley.

pointed to represent his people at the Coronation of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth the Second. He carried to Her Majesty on the occasion of her Coronation in London, a Chilkat Blanket or Robe which is of symbolic and historic interest and is as fine an example of these now cherished and invaluable robes as can be found anywhere in the world.

The Chief was allotted a seat at Westminster Abbey to witness the Coronation ceremony, marking the first time a Native Canadian Indian has been accorded such an honor. It is a fitting recognition not only of the Native Canadian Indians but also of the tireless efforts the Chief has contributed to the welfare of his people.



Cl. Moulks, Squamish Medicine Man or Squaw-um-tum, who died fifty years ago at the great age of 120 years. He had great Power (Squaw-um). In this drawing by the late Amy E. C. Campbell-Johnston, he is going out to bring the soul of the dead back to its earthly body.

An Indian Legend

GIFT FROM THE HEART

By EVERETTE BIRCH

THE cliffs cast a weird jagged pattern of broken darkness across the endless sea of water. Their shadow reached out to clutch and strangle the beauty of light the sun and sky would have given the quiet blue. Far, far from this bleakness was the golden reflection of the promised land.

It was a land untouched by greed. Only the gentle animals who had come to bow down with awe as its beauty walked upon its earth. There was no man to desecrate it nor to plunder its forests and leave its soil barren. But, it cried out now for the sound of laughter other than rushing streams and the caressing winds that rustled the leaves. It was unequalled in its beauty; and like all things of vanity, wanted and sought the praise of man. It wanted to give itself to one who would behold this beauty and hold it to his heart.

The men of the world had come together that they might claim this promised land for their people. For many years, they had worked at the arts that were the symbol of the race they represented. They brought with them now, the finest of their hand's and mind's labor that it might be shown to the Great One's spirit of decision. Each, except one, sat in the glory of what he was to offer, confident of his victory.

He was apart from the others; his deeply-set eyes lifted the shadow of darkness the cliffs had cast upon the water and found the beauty of the land that he, too, hoped was for his people. There was nothing at his feet—his hands were empty.

THROUGH the long hours of the day they waited for the voice that would break the clouds and tell them who had been chosen to walk the path to the virgin land. The hours became many, the sun grew into a ball of golden color that met the horizon of water. The waves increased in fury as they lashed the shoreline of broken cliff. The first glimpse of the moon in all its faintness was seen in the heavy sky. Anger stirred the men to loud voices as impatience filled their souls. The winds of the night chilled their bodies and they hugged themselves for warmth. In fury they called out, demanding the spirit of decision come to them.

They took up handfuls of sand and flung it in the air; they stomped their feet upon the ground; they threatened to return to their people and let this land of promise be as it was. . . . Yet, no voice returned their anger to them. They were alone to hear themselves.

As they would have walked away in the stubbornness of their pride, they were stilled by a crash of thunder that trembled the earth and brought them to their knees. They masked themselves with smiles and movements of

penitence but within, their blood rushed with the anger they had before revealed.

THE night passed slowly; it was not as any night they had ever known; it was of the many seasons of the year. The warm rains of the Spring fell upon them, the heat of the Summer burned them, the nipping frost of the Fall stung them, the cold of the Winter's snow rendered them speechless. Yet despite this, they reasoned it could not have been more than one night for there had been no dawns till the one that lifted the ebon of that terrible evening. With the day, they looked about themselves. Nothing had changed, the shadows of the cliff were still before them, the flowers were in bloom and their fragrance in the air.

When they would have turned to gaze upon their offerings, a shaft of glorious light came from the clouds and touched the earth where they were seated. They bowed in reverence for they knew the spirit of decision had come.

One at a time, they were called forward, to speak for their people. First, came the Whiteman. Even the spirit of decision knew of his pride that placed him above all others.

He brought with him a sword and placed it before the beam of light. As he glanced down at it, he was sure that its luster was gone. The brilliance he had so carefully tried to preserve in a sheath of leather was covered with rust. Himself, he knew this could not have happened overnight. The rain, the heat, the frost, and the snow could only do this to as fine a piece of tempered steel as his people had made. Though he was filled with fear, he composed himself. He was a spokesman, the figure of his people. Nothing could either make him wear humility or enslave him.

"This is the offering of my people," he said. His voice was shrill with a demand that he put to question this instant, if his superiority was doubted. "Give us this land, and a thousand of these weapons will be in the hands of my people. We will raise them against all who would destroy what you give us." He took up the sword and struck a piece of metal against its blade. It rang in a voice that sang of strength. "This is my people," he went on. He glanced at the others who watched him, all the more confident of the victory. They had nothing to compare with the protection he would offer this new land.

He saw a rock before him and raising his sword in the air brought it down upon the stone, splitting it in half. The praise he heard in the voices of those who had come to compete with him, made him smile. "This, we give to you, spirit of decision. . . . We will guard you . . .

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even with our lives," he softly added, playing upon the magnificence of a tone. He slowly bowed, then returned to his seat.

MY WHITE brother knows but might," said the next who came forth. His yellow skin mirrored the colors of the silk he wore. He unfolded a garment of great beauty and placed it beside the sword. As the steel had rusted, he found that his silk was frayed and the eggs of moths had come to nest in the raised embroidery. But despite this, he smiled. No matter the age of the offering his people had to offer, they were the master. Their beauty would last forever; it could not be destroyed.

"This, we give to you." He knowingly nodded as the other men were stricken dumb with the work of his people. "With their hands they toiled until their skin was broken. The red of their blood is in the silk," he went on. "Nowhere is beauty such as this to be found. With it, we can bring protection to this new land. Those who would come to destroy it would turn from destruction if beauty such as this were placed before them. They would forget the war of their minds if their hands could but feel the softness of our silk and their women could know the vibrance of our colors next to their faces . . . We give this to you in the Great One's Name. Let another come forward with a gift that would not fade before it."

Three remained to present their offerings to the spirit. They glanced at one another, and then at what they held in pride to themselves. Two had empty hands, the third was laden with his gifts of presentation. They were at his feet and about him. He did not conceal them nor try to hide them from the eyes of those about him. His

skin was of the cast of the finest of wood. He was the brown man, his hue too dark a tone to be considered white. His features were fine; he was the closest brother to the white man.

He stumbled forward with his gifts and one by one placed them in the brightest of the light for the spirit to see.

"I come with the best of what my people have to offer . . . What the whiteman has in strength, we are his equal in power." He unsheathed a sword that like the other had become tarnished from the past night. But its hilt was of brilliant stones and imprisoned all the glorious light of the early morning. With it was a dagger of such fine carving that even the whiteman, as he beheld it from where he sat, was forced to admit defeat before it came to him.

He smiled as he sensed the victory he had achieved. "But, this is not all I come with," he said, his voice lofty in its pride. "The yellow man brings you the fine silk and embroidery of his race. I bring you the work that the hands of my people have taken years to create." He unfolded a rug of great size. As he would straighten it, the wool rotted in his hands. Moths flew up at him and fluttered in the dreaded light, then went on to search for the shade of destruction. "Much of its beauty remains," he said. "The dyes of the rainbow and flowers can still be seen."

This was not all he had to offer. Another gift was his, one he knew that he alone would present. He unlocked a small wooden chest and from it took a tome. "This," he added, "there is not another of. . . . Our life is in here from the very beginning. There are stories of love, stories of torment, and stories of the unknown. They are all true, though mysterious life can be such as this." He opened the volume of great proportions and saw the writing had become faint and the paper wood-burned.

However, the beauty of the songs and poems was not gone. The words in themselves were music that joined the gentle breeze of the day.

"People will come in peace to hear what is written on these pages. They will join in our songs of praise. There will be no thoughts of war. Beauty such as this will be our protection . . . But," he continued wisely, for he had come to know his brother. Even now, he could feel the breath of envy and acquisitiveness upon his neck. It bristled his hairs. "Should man come in hate to this promised land, we will fight them with our steel. We will slay him as he would slay us. . . . "This," he raised

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his voice and closed his eyes in utter seriousness, "is the promise of my people."

THE spirit could not be silent. Though he had been moved to tears by what had been set before him, he was frightened by the words to destroy all who would come to touch this promised land.

"Your voices ring with the power of your people," he said. "Is it safe," added he thoughtfully, slowly, "for any brother to be friend to one another. I wonder you would not slay him for the breath he takes."

"Not my people," said the one remaining two who come forth to speak. His black body was painted with many colors. Weird ornaments of the unknown decorated his arms and legs. "We have no weapons other than those with which we hunt. We do not look to the sword as our ally . . . We pray . . ." he chanted wildly; his dark eyes rolled in his head; he threw up his arms and fell to his knees, his body keeping a strange rhythm.

"What is stronger?" he asked. "What is stronger than the prayers of a tormented people and the curses they place upon their enemies. With these we protect ourselves. With these," his voice fell to a whisper, "we would keep the promised land ours . . . fires would roar, their flames would leap in anger as our curses would be uttered. Death and torture would be brought to our enemies. They would die in the arms of pain yet we would not touch them. The devil would strike out at them. He would draw the blood from their bodies until they sank to the earth in weakness. He would take their breath until their faces became swollen in death.

. . . "This," He laughed, frightening those about him until they drew together as protection against him. "This is the weapon of my people. Let another equal it. Let steel try to fight the magic we can brew."

"I have heard enough," the spirit of decision spoke. The winds arose to blow away the fury of the black words that had been spoken. Dark clouds covered the sun to shield it from evil. "Let what has been said be taken from us. It is not our brother's voice we hear. Deafen your ears to the ring of his thoughts. Destroy the words of the devil and his black magic." He paused, then spoke more slowly. "This day is over . . . never should it have been. It should have passed with the night gone and slipped into the silence of yesterday. . . . I am filled with woe. Not one voice has risen up to speak the words the God of all of us has placed in our hearts. . . . Not one," he all but wept.

"We have not all been heard," said the whiteman. "What of this other brother who sits apart from us, a stranger who gives us no words, not even a smile. Let him speak, that he, too, can become part of the condemnation you set upon us. Should he alone return to his people say: 'I was not heard. We are above all else.' Let him place his gift before you . . . Let him." He laughed, as he watched him come forward with empty hands. "Let him, if his people are capable of doing anything. Humph," he snorted, "he is a lazy redman."

"MY HANDS are empty," agreed the redman standing before the spirit of decision. "There is nothing my people would have had me bring. Not a thing.



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When we do. We cannot take the colors from the sky and the rainbow and put them on cloth. Our eyes are hard and do not know the softness of the earth. We cannot hold steel and bring a sword through the air when we know the Great One can set his lightning upon us and strike it from our hands. We cannot place the story of our people upon paper when a tongue has been given us with which to speak them to our children so they do not die. We are poor in what we have to offer. Only in our faith in what we see and in Him.

"We do not fear the dark of the night for we know the sun will rise and bring its dawn. We do not curse the white of the winter for we can see the flowers beneath the snow that will come with the Spring. . . . This is little to offer. It is lost when placed next to the gifts of my brothers. But it is of my people and does not die.

"This new land, that has been told us through years, we can see when our eyes are closed. The grass is tall and green, the trees rise high and would touch the clouds. Peace is upon it. The animals breathe this air and live as brothers with one another."

His dark eyes became solemn, the only luster they knew was the tears that welled in them. He drew a hand through the air and let it come to rest upon his heart. "Only with this, can we protect the land. We will keep the earth as the Great One has given it to us. We will not build houses of stone where we can fall to our knees and worship Him. Our gift to Him will be to keep in life all He sets to grow. We will fight as all our brothers have said they will fight, for what is given us and is ours. But should we lose the battle, our hearts and eyes will be the victor. We will not forget the glories of the green grass, the sweet smell of the flowers, and the warmth and friendship of the sun. This will always be ours and grow in our hearts. We will close our eyes, if a prison becomes our enemy and yet see what was our fathers and the life the Great One meant for us to have. With these things we will fight and hope that all our brothers come to share our life in peace."

As quietly as he had come to stand before the spirit, he departed to his place of solitude.

THE others were stricken mute by the words that had been uttered. They wanted to ridicule the childlike simpleness of the words and faith in man and creation. But their hearts would not let them speak. They cried out within that they could once more live in hope. They wanted to shed their raiment of greed and hostility. They knew the better of life but could not fight the temptation of the living that they had cast for themselves.

The spirit sorrowed for them as he beheld the sadness in their eyes. But he had come as a judge not a counsellor. The light about him brightened, the air was still, the ocean calm. His words were to be heard the world over; there would be no message to be brought back by the brothers who had come together. He looked to the whiteman first.

"Your skin is fair, but your heart is darker than your brother's. You behold nothing without the desire to change it to your liking. You would create your own beauty and in so doing destroy all else. The strength you seek is not that of peace but of the sword. You have lost the meaning of brotherhood. Man is only your brother when he is weaker than you and sits at your feet. You would fight him, to keep the peace your tongue so wildly speaks of. . . . There is not a corner of the earth you will not appear in, for your arms will stretch out to conquer all. . . . But for now, you will dwell upon this land. It is of the richness you gluttonously crave. Its earth is of the soil that gives you many swords. As this is all you think of, this is all you shall have. . . . Let it be, I say."

He turned to the yellow man and smiled. The seriousness of the morning could not distract his sight from the fine silk of his own robe. His long nails were weaving an undone thread.

"It does not matter," he said, "what lands are yours.

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Always will you find the life of your fathers. The beauty you see is not that of the earth but of your own making. It is of nature but a false nature that blinds you to all else. . . . You will go to a land east of here. There, the earth will give you the silk you treasure with your heart. You do not think about the food it will yield. No, it will be for your children to wet the land with their tears of starvation. You will have the silk you cherish and live in that peace."

Immortal though he was, even the spirit knew confusion as he gazed upon the next of the brothers. This brown man was difficult to set judgment upon. He shrugged and drew a deep sigh:

"You are a strange man. You belong neither to the white nor yellow race. You see yourself as the whiteman's equal. All men are the level of your eye. . . . But what you have to offer is above that of the whiteman. With your might you have woven a beauty that shall always be of your race. You are drawn by beauty as keenly as you are the blade. The rugs you pray upon are soft to the knee and gentle to the eye. But what you weave is not a story of peace. Its magnificence is of strange designs. The stories you tell are set upon paper. They are like a song, the words are beautiful. I wonder man can bring them together as you have done and sing so lovely a song. Even the violence you have in your books is woven with gentleness.

. . . "For you, I give all the lands of this earth but the promised land. Bring your songs and books of poems to the smallest of the islands. Let the winds of the desert carry them to the springs of the oasis. Free yourself from the dreams of living in palaces of alabaster and return

to the tents of your first brothers. Then, you will come to know the song of the heart and the song of praising the things of God."

HE SHUDDERED as he viewed the blackman who came to stand before him. His was a doomed race that would become hated by the white, brown, and yellow man. This he said to him, telling him he could dwell beneath the glory of God if his curses and omens of the devil were cast aside. But the blackman would have none of his advice.

He flung open a pouch hanging from about his neck and scattered the contents in the air.

"This is our strength." He wildly laughed. "Undo the magic of my people if you can. I say that you and yours will know destruction. Fighting shall be done in your God's name. The peace you would have will be a mockery."

"Then it will be brothers of hatred that take up the sword." The spirit, himself, was set to prayer: "Let there forever be peace."

"Fool! . . . Fool, that you are," the blackman cried out. "Take my warning. Destroy all the brothers of the world if you would have peace. Destroy all of us but the redman. We are cruel, it is in our hearts. We are only of the Great One when it serves us well."

"What you say is evil. . . . There is no truth in it."

"No, spirit," said the blackman more calmly. "The truth is, that you are of such pure mind that you cannot see the evil man is creating for himself. . . . Watch yourself, or he will try to take you with him."

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"Be silent!" He wept as he passed his judgment. "Go to the blackest of the jungles with your omens and ill-omens. There, away from the sight of your brothers you can practise your magic. The witches can be your friends as you would have it. . . . But, I say, they will turn against you and make slaves of your race. They will become friend to the highest bidder. . . . Now go," he sadly said. "I would not have you see my tears that you could laugh at my weakness." He was quiet a long while. The morning passed and the sun rose high in the sky. The warmth of the afternoon fanned the faces of the brothers who waited to hear the words that would be spoken to the redman.

They tried to conceal their disappointment of not having been chosen by the spirit of decision, with their loud laughter and tales of their people's bravery.

Suddenly they were put to fear and quietened. They went to their knees as the light of the spirit glowed, then became faint, disappeared, and in its place was the figure of a man.

HE WAS a man of fine height. His skin was of a whiteness that none had ever beheld before. He had a beard that flowed with the same lightness as the robe he wore. It never touched his knees. His eyes were not of the world; they remained apart from him though he stood upon the earth. He rested on a staff. Though his face was unlined and his body unbending, the age of the past was upon him.

"Rise up, oh redman," he said. His voice came from within him; he did not part his lips to speak. "You have kept the glories of the Great One in your heart. You look upon a tree and in its beauty you see Him. You do not strike the earth lest it be for food for you know it breathes. It is of life such as you. Your brothers' gifts are upon the ground. Their beauty and power become ravaged by the seasons of time. Not one has seen this for their minds are bloated. They drink the water of the mighty. The earth is for the meek to walk upon and for the humble to view with his eyes of the Great One. . . . Go now," he raised his arms in the air, then went on: "Take your people to the promised land."

A wind with the furious rage of a hurricane swept over the ocean. It sent the waves tearing upon one another. The rocks along the shore were torn from the earth and hurled into the sea.

The redman said nothing. In his silence he promised to the Great One, the eternal gift of his trust and faith. He turned and found that his people were behind him, coming from the earth and their villages of the forests. He beckoned them and led them down the cliffs to the water's edge. As, in trust, they would have plunged into the deadly sea, calm came upon the water.

The old man raised his arms once more. The ocean fell apart and a path was given them. "Take this trail to your land," said he. "One day I will show myself to you. I will come when I am weary and dwell among you."

They stepped onto the floor of the ocean. With their hands, they could reach out on either side of them and touch the water. As they would move forward, the weeds and life sucking mud of the floor was taken away. Huge turtles came to mark the path with their backs. They became like stones of safety to walk upon. When the last of the redman stepped down onto the ocean, it closed behind him.

The whiteman, the yellowman, the brownman watched until the water became whole once more. Their dream

of the promised land was gone. They looked at the gifts they had placed before the spirit of decision. The pride they had taken in them, they knew no more. They picked them up, then went their way, each to his own people. Themselves, they had learned the meaning of humility and returned to the gift of the heart. They saw the greatness in one blade of grass and the beauty of its color and sweet smell. But their people? . . . They wondered.

THE promise the redman had given to the Great One, they kept. They became a part of the earth and every living thing that grew upon it. They treated it with kindness; they took no more from it than they could use. Their prayers of thanksgiving were in their hearts. They made every man their brother, giving the best of what they had away. Their food was another's food, their shelter another's shelter, their clothes another's warmth.

But the warning the blackman had given the spirit of decision, they, too, should have heeded. Wild though he was, the truth of what he had said was truth nonetheless. The gentleness of the redman's mind, the faith and trust he gave the Great One and his brother became his enemy.

It was in hope he awaited the return of the old man. He kept the promised land as he had found it, so that one day the old man could come to dwell upon it in peace.

Countless generations had fallen behind him, yet he waited. Then, one day, a group of young boys were playing upon the sands of the shore. As they looked up from their games, they saw sails upon the horizon. They remembered the story of the old man and ran to the village. They told their elders of what they had seen. First, they were threatened for speaking the untruth, but when they insisted upon what they had witnessed, the men of the village went with them from the forest to the beach. They, too, saw the sails—but even more.

In a small boat coming towards them were men of color they had never seen before. The one who stood up in the boat was white of skin and had a flowing beard. They knelt as this man gained the shore and came towards them. In his hand he carried a cross that he set upon the earth. They did not know the tongue he spoke, they did not know he was claiming their promised land in the name of his country and his queen.

For their hearts were pure and their trust in their brother great. They believed the old man had come to them. They opened their arms as the Great One would have wanted them to do.

Though he watched the land he loved become destroyed and torn apart by the whiteman's greed and fire, he himself retained the gift he first had to offer to the spirit of decision. This, the whiteman could not take away nor claim for himself. He became the Redman's superior in force and might, but in his gift of the Great One he still is not the chosen one; he still, despite the power and wealth he lolls in, is touched with envy when he comes to know the gift of the redman.



Indian Uprising on the Skeena

TOLD BY EYE-WITNESS CONSTANCE COX,
First White Child Born in New Hazelton, B.C.

THE Indian uprising on the Skeena in 1883 was caused by the terrible epidemic of measles which first struck Kitammax, the name of the ancient Indian village now known as Old Hazelton, British Columbia. Hundreds of children died. The reason the Hankin family did not get it, was because being white they were vaccinated.

The Indians blamed the Hudson's Bay Company because it seems that by mistake the Company had received a double allowance of sugar from the shippers and for the first time the Indians were allowed to buy sugar, which in the past, due to scarcity, was sold only to the whites. Sugar and bacon were kept only for the white trade.

This extra sugar was meant for Fort St. James, many miles away and, was shipped by mistake to Hazelton—so when the Hudson's Bay manager told the Indians they could buy sugar, the Indians went back to their villages to hold a meeting to decide whether they should buy sugar or not.

The old people were against it, because they were always suspicious of any extra kindness from the Whites. However, the young people overruled the old people, and they bought sugar.

One week after buying the sugar, the terrible epidemic of measles broke out. As the loss of life mounted, the

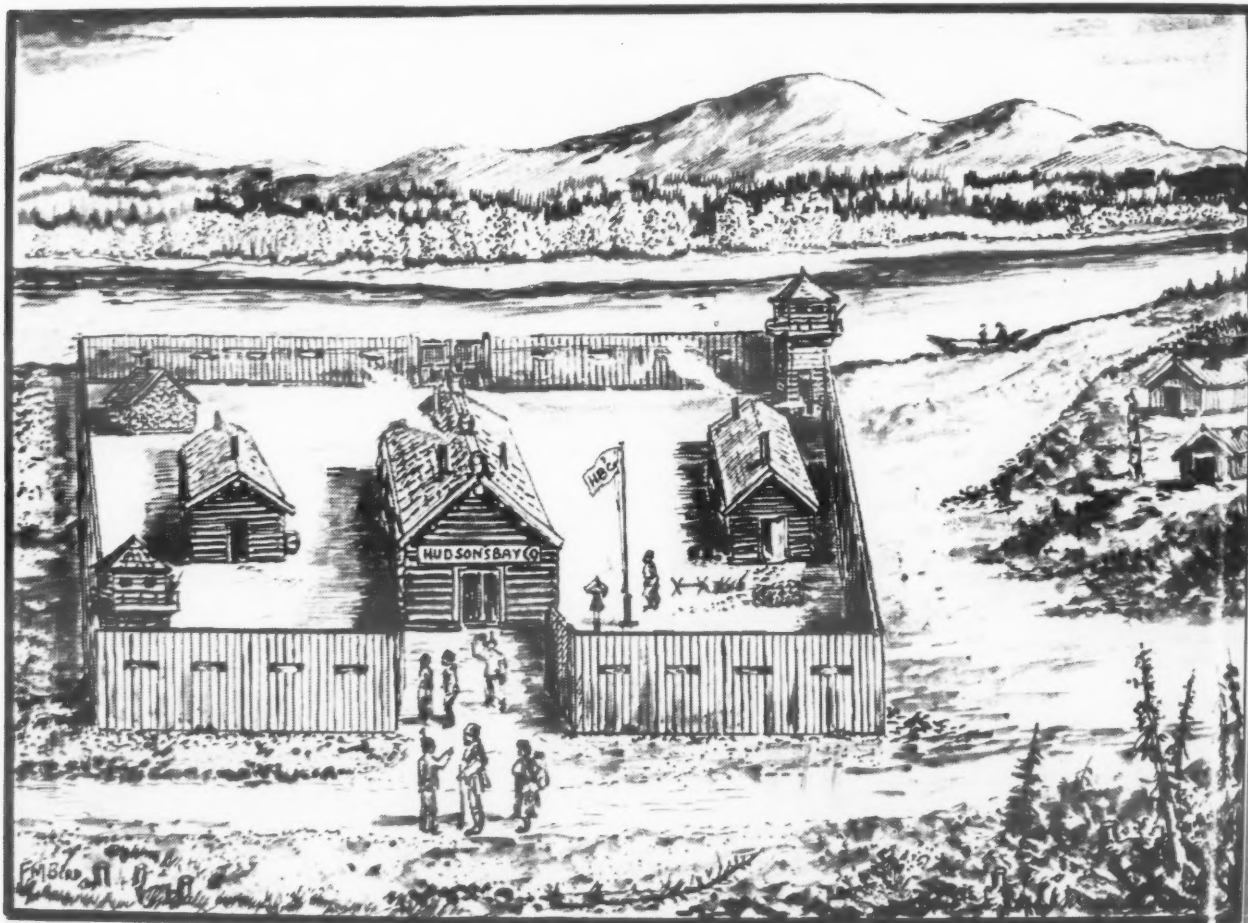
old people claimed the Hudson's Bay had put germs in the sugar to kill off the Indians.

Thomas Hankin, whom they trusted, tried in vain to tell them that the Hudson's Bay was not the cause of the epidemic, but all whites were held guilty.

Four thousand Indians gathered at Kitammax village (Old Hazelton); they built fires at night and danced wildly around the fires, working themselves into a frenzy before they made their attack. The Indian women stood by throwing water on the men to cool them off.

The whites realized that the situation was serious and that war was imminent. The Hudson's Bay manager hired 90 men to go out into the woods and whip saw lumber and build a fort and in four weeks a fort was erected, and every night every white person was commanded to retire to the fort. Sentries were posted in the bastions of the fort, night and day.

In the village, although the whites might have thought that all Indians were wild and savage, there was a fine old Chief with a noble heart. This very old Chief called his nephew who was named Spouk and said, "We both owe a debt to the white man. I want you to take a letter to Port Simpson for the white man which is 500 miles away."



The nephew said, "How can I do this, our people will kill me." The old Chief said, "Never mind, I will take care of the future, go immediately to the Fort and help the whiteman."

So Spouk dug himself into the fort and entered with his hands up and white feather in his mouth. There were several score guns pointing at him.

The old Missionary Reverend Fields, a very just man, ordered the whites to put their guns down, saying, "No man would risk his life for nothing unless he had an important reason."

The guns were lowered, then Spouk spoke and said, "I have come to pay a debt of gratitude, my uncle's life was saved by the Hudson's Bay manager who administered the right quantity of quick silver when the old Chief nearly died with dysentery." Spouk had come to pay the debt.

The whites had a meeting and decided to give Spouk a letter to take to the Hudson's Bay manager at Port Simpson 500 miles away. The letter was wrapped in oil cloth and hung around the Indian's neck to be personally delivered to the Hudson's Bay manager. Spouk left at midnight, naked, carrying no food; only his gun. He made the journey in six days. No one knew whether he knew a short cut or not but he arrived safely and delivered his letter to the manager at Port Simpson who sent it on to Victoria.

Redcoats embarked in war canoes and arrived at Kitammax—the measles had subsided. Meanwhile, there was an Indian to whom we will refer as a Huldowokit, a dreaded word, which does not mean a medicineman but means a witch doctor or craft killer, a sender of bad

thoughts or strong evil mental power. We do not want anyone to get Huldowokit mixed with Hillit who is a healer and a good medicineman. This Huldowokit arrived at Kitammax, and in the usual method of these men, speak-



Thomas Hankin, first white man to travel up the Skeena River in 1857. He built the first Hudson's Bay Company post at the junction of the Skeena and Bulkley Rivers in northern British Columbia.

ing at random and talking to no one in particular said: "Too bad so many of you Indians died, but I am not finished yet. I am going to the other villages and scatter the measles. I laughed when you accused the Hudson's Bay, but it WAS NOT THEM, BUT ME." That finished the uprising against the Hudson's Bay and the whites.

I might add that this man was afterwards killed by Kitwancool Jimmie. But that, as Kipling says "is another story."



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PURITAN

Chief Wakawi or Watchus

By RONALD CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON

(Father of Maisie Hurley, as told to him by Mrs. Jane Cook of Alert Bay)

CHIEF Wakawi is partly of the Nimpkish tribe, and partly of the Rivers Inlet, "Owe-kenuk". On top of this totem is perched the great Thunder-bird, having on his breast a man's face, denoting that these two mystic beings were interchangeable at will. The Thunder-bird is the crest of the Nimpkish tribe, also a crest of the Raven clan, who own the thunder, this reason being given why it thunders when one of the Raven clan is about to die.

Beneath this Thunder-bird is carved a killer-whale (fin-back whale) doubled up, as if the superimposed Thunder-bird was bearing him aloft in the air, out of his own watery element, as told in the old Indian legend given later here. Next underneath the killer-whale is a wolf, his jaws resting on the head of a man, who is seated, holding his knees in contentment, having with the craft of the wolf attained all his earthly desires.

When a man dies, and his spirit passes over, his body used to be posed at the grave in this position, to prove that at last he is in a state of repose, peace, all ambitions being attained.

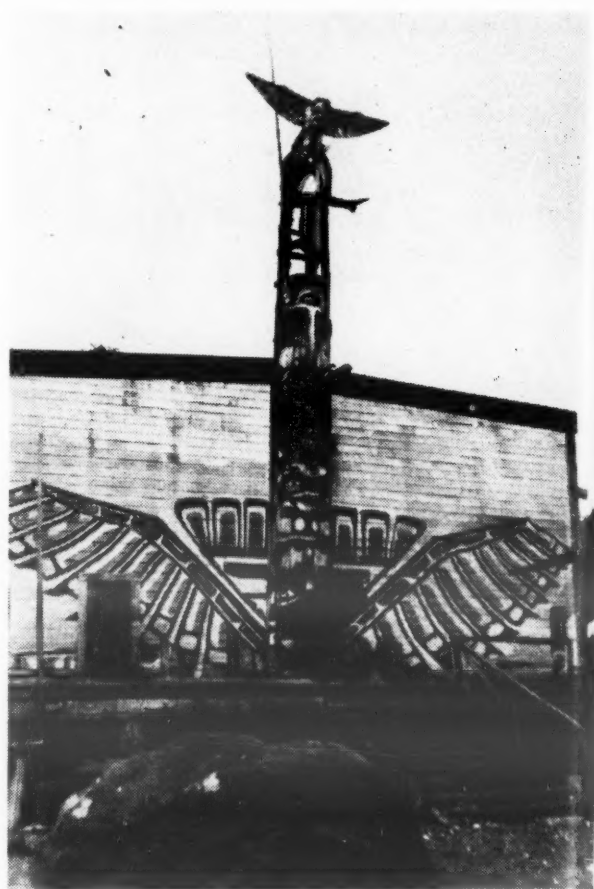
In an old legend also, this same character is mentioned as wearing a fine saw, set down the front of his red coat, relating to the Wolf tribe, here probably shown by the broad white streak down the breast, on a red coat.

His grandmother was a wolf, and on his father's side his people went back to the fire-spirit. From his grandfather he received a coat, made from the skin of the red cod. When worn, this coat was constructed so that the sharp fins made a row of jagged teeth, which acting like a saw, ran up and down his breast. His way of killing his own children was to nurse and fondle them, then from wolf-like love of cruelty saw them to death. He in turn, however, was killed for his many crimes by one of his own grown-up sons, who escaped him through his mother hiding him, by covering him in ashes, when in his father's presence.

Below Squats the Mystic Bird

Below these subjects squats the mystic bird "Hoh-hok", who in the Indian legend of the Raven is the daughter of the Great Raven, the creator of the world; she, in turn, is the Mother of the powerful younger Raven, who created mankind. By some she is supposed to be a crane, but the most authentic story goes that Hoh-nok consulted a crane; people who eat their frog brothers, who hear many secrets from living in the drinking pools of people; and the Crane advised her to swallow four small stones, drawn from the four quarters of the earth, out of which was born a child, able later to defend his mother; this infant grew into the younger Raven, who afterwards made man. Her story is told in the legend of the Raven. Hoh-hok was a bird, used in masked dances, as in those practised in "Owe-Kenuk" (River's Inlet). This bird was also used in Hamatsa (cannibal) dances, showing that "Nan-wa-kaw-i's" people used both kinds at their festivals.

Directly under Hoh-hok sits the much dreaded Grizzly Bear holding a man's head in each hand, denoting his great strength and ability to take man's life; in fact, to split



his head open, meaning "power, strength, authority." The people of the bear tribe must intermarry with the Raven. The Haida tribes have the "Eagles", or witch people, the Wolf, Raven, the Black Bears, now united with the Killer Whales, in all four separate ones. The Black Bear is the younger brother to the Marten.

Under the Grizzly Bear is placed the ceremonial stage entrance to the lodge. The guests have to pass through this giant beak, used at high feasts and potlaches (giving-away feasts). The owner of this beak is called the "Grizzly Crow" or Raven, whose history will be told later. This totem of the Raven is recognized by his immense curved beak. This crookedness of the Raven's beak, the legend says, was caused when, during the great flood, he carried his Mother high up into the sky. He held himself firmly planted up there by sticking his beak fast into the sky, and stayed there until the great seagull informed him that the flood on the earth had completely subsided. Another Northern Indian legend recounts that the Raven cunningly disguised himself as a fish, and was later caught by a fisherman, who pulled the nose of the fish off. However, by a crafty trick the Raven found out where his nose was left lying, and although by another clever scheme he fastened it on his face again, yet he did not manage to fix it in its correct position as before.

The wings, painted across the whole front of the lodge are those of this same Raven. Wings are always depicted in this bold fashion, showing the roots of each feather, being symbolic of "Life". The joints and roots of feathers are always painted on, to point out clearly from where the strength comes (or life of same).

The Old Legend of His Ancestor

The following is a dim legend concerning this same "Wakawi's" great ancestor, one named "Nan-wa-kaw-i". This particular history was orally and realistically related by Mrs. Jane Cook, an Indian woman today of much note and authority among the tribes assembly at Alert Bay, British Columbia. So it happened to be later, but feebly, transcribed by Ronald Campbell-Johnston, a white man, taught by his beloved white wife, both lovers of our Indian stories and their prowess; for this wife, for many years, had delved deep into the life histories of these Indians, and other ancient peoples.

Now to our legend:

Very many years ago, long before the white man arrived on this far northern coast, to steal away the well-stocked hunting-grounds of the Native children of the forest and mountains, also the seashores having much fish and shell-food, and who have dwelt here from time immemorial, there ruled in this part a mighty and wise Indian Chief, much respected and loved by his own people, as well as greatly feared by his enemies, consisting of the other Indian tribes thereabout.

This great one then, named "Nan-wa-kaw-i", meaning "Wisdom personified", was the old time ancestor of the present "Chief Wakawi", whose Indian name is also "Kum-hy-ud", who even now, though blind and old, rules

justly and firmly over the Indian people settled around Alert Bay, part of Cormorant Island, in the north. "Chief Wakawi" is deeply versed in ancient Indian lore, concerning the many neighbouring tribes, and their long-time marriage ties; besides that mystic, psychic magic of the crafty "Shaman" or medicine-men and witches, whenever some knotty point of hereditary precedence crops up today at the tribal rites and ceremonies, also during their seasonable religious dances, and extravagant giving-away feasts for the due wiping out of old debts, so frequently held among the local Indian nations, even down to this late date.

The Four Sons of Nan-Wa-Kaw-i

Now, the wise Nan-wa-kaw-i begat him four well-knit sons in the long ago.

Also, he retained near his person, a certain very clever man, but whose name was now lapsed, since the far past, to act as his factotum and confidential adviser; one greatly skilled as a mechanic worker and deviser, as well as being a clever artist in fine carving, and the putting on of those vivid colorings for the massive symbols representing their familiar spirits, some belonging to the whole particular tribes, and some only to special family history.

This same designer it was who planned the beautiful and elaborate lodge of his chief "Nan-wa-kaw-i", renowned afar for its four lofty pillars wonderfully deep-cut from mighty cedar trees, made to depict in stature the "zun-ukwa", these powerful giants of all creation, who could speak, and who supported aloft the weighty, large, round roof timbers, while the fronts of the platforms were held up by the lesser "sis-a-yutts", or animal figures.

One day, when these four sons above mentioned, were



The four brothers look down on the cabin of the blood coloured smoke.

growing up to manly strength, they came to their father, "Nan-wa-kaw-i", and begged to be permitted to go on a long hunting trip over a certain high mountain, to be seen in the distance from their lodge. Their old sire pondered awhile, and then warned them to act extremely carefully, and to be sure to remember unfailingly all that he was about to tell them; he minutely described to them how and in what manner, when they might come to the very top of this high mountain, they should observe and note well the various smokes, each one having distinct and separate colours of its own, pouring out from the smoke-hole in the roofs of distant lodges.

The Smokes of Different Colors

Now the black smoke came from the village of the black bears. The white smoke, when alone, issued from the abodes of the white mountain sheep, while the brown smoke was emitted from the dwellings of those deeply dreaded, fierce grizzly bears. But most particularly, the vivid blood-coloured smoke, wreathed with the fleecy-white coloured smoke, both rising up together in the air, as two columns, side by side all the way, this was the special smoke of the deadly man-eating ogre, named in the Indian tongue "Bak-ba-kwa-la-num-si-wi," meaning to the white man "A cannibal". On no account, he impressively continued, must they wander anywhere near this dismal lodge, since it was surely certain death to approach it even. "That is why we are so few," he finished.

Next, the father gave to his four sons four special articles as a protection, these being the following: A

wooden comb, a peculiar black stone, a bottle of oolichan oil, and some white wool; instructing them most carefully that should they, all or any of them, fall into some great danger, they should use one or more of these four magic articles to save themselves.

The four boys at the time listened intently, and faithfully promised their father to show the greatest care in all they should do. Full of glee they immediately started out on their proposed hunting trip, and after arduous and steep climbing, went over the high mountains. However, in the unwonted excitement and exhilaration of their anticipation and haste when they reached the top of the high mountain, they saw, accurately, the several coloured smokes, as their father had previously described that they would, and the different homes of the various named animals. The sons, therefore, consulted together as to which coloured smoke they should first approach. The eldest son was very anxious to see what sort of people the blood-red and white double columns of smoke belonged to. The youngest son, however, reminded his brother forcibly about their father's most emphatic commands and directions against any such dangerous adventure; but he was finally over-ruled by his stubborn three elder ones; so they all hurriedly started down through the bush on the mountain's side to discover who dwelt in this particular house, from where the blood-red and white smoke poured up in twin columns.

Arrival at the Wooden Lodge

Later, they arrived at the wooden lodge, and forthwith

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entered. The door swung to with a click behind them, automatically and firmly closed itself fast.

In the dusky light there lay a feeble old woman, rooted to the ground, huddled up on the floor, near the closed door, who chunneringly cautioned these young men to very careful for their own safety. She is the little "old mouse-woman", who conveys all food, burnt in the fire, and also all messages to be sent to the departed spirits. But they, fool-hardy in their youthful ignorance, quickly went over to a blazing open fire, burning at the back end of the lofty wide lodge, and from which was issuing the two-coloured columns of smoke, passing out by the smoke-hole in the roof. Here they found an enormously fat hag of a woman, having at her side an unwieldy, dull-witted boy, both crouching low over the fireplace on the earth. All four sons sat down on the opposite side of the fire, from where these other two people were squatting.

Now one of the elder sons had barked the skin from off his shin in hurriedly going through the thick brush on the mountain, so that fresh red blood was constantly trickling down his bare leg. As soon as the heavy-eyed boy, with the hag, saw the four young men, he grew very restless, so that his mother had to firmly hold him back. One of the brothers then asked this fat woman what it was that the boy wanted. The mother stooped down and picked up a broken piece of stick, which she threw over to the youngest one of the brothers, asking him shortly, in a gruff voice, to scrape the blood off with this stick that was trickling down his brother's bare leg.

He immediately did this, and threw the stick back to her. She gave it at once to her restless son, who hastily snatched at this blooded piece of stick, and eagerly crunched up with his teeth, blood, stick and all, slowly smacking his swollen lips. The brothers then knew for certain that they were caught in the home of the man-eating ogre, called "Bah-ba-kwa-la-muh-si-wi," and that the fat woman was his wife and cook, while this misshapen monster of a boy was their only son.

The youngest of the four brothers began to wonder how they could all get out of this house alive again, without letting the mother ogress suspect that they proposed to run for their lives. So he called his brothers'

attention to a certain knot-hole in the door showing daylight out side, asking them if they could shoot an arrow through this hole. As he himself was the fleetest footed of all his brothers, he told them that this hole in the door would be a good target for them to shoot at, at the same time betting with them that they could not hit it.

The Scheme of the Four Brothers

The eldest then took his bow and arrow and shot carefully at the hole, so that his arrow passed out, right through this hole. He immediately pretended that he was going outside to fetch back his arrow, but as soon as he was in the open air and the door had closed firmly behind him, he started off home, running up the mountainside towards the top of the mountain at utmost speed. The next brother then shot his arrow, as did the third also, until there was only the youngest brother left inside the lodge with the ogress and her progeny. He too leisurely drew out an arrow, but was deliberately very slow in fitting it to his bow-string, in order that all his three brothers should gain a good long start ahead of him.

Then he shot his arrow, quickly jumped up and passed through the door, got safely outside the place, and with all his might and main ran off up the mountain through the bush, following speedily after his brothers.

The fat old woman with her ugly son, came waddling along out of the lodge and discovered that the four young men had all made off, free from her and her son's clutches, so she commenced calling out very loudly, "Bak-ba-kual-anu-ksi-wae," "Your prey has been here is now escaping."

She shouted this message continually, the hills from afar, all around, echoed back her eager words, "Bak-ba-kual-anu-ksi-wae." When her husband heard her, he likewise filled the whole air with his own loud calls and whistles, immediately starting off to follow after the four young men.

The Pursuit by the Cannibals

The brothers now all kept running hard, just as fast



This scene took place at Alert Bay during a Pottlach in the early days.

as they were able; but still the Cannibal began to gain on them by degrees, for his strides were wider than theirs and his strength very great. In time they succeeded in climbing up over the highest peak of the mountain range, forming a ridge between the strange valley and their own, and they then commenced to move more rapidly, descending on the other side towards their father's home.

Unfortunately, as they started going downwards, the Maneater almost caught up with the youngest son, who was as yet running at some distance behind his other brothers, having left later than they had.

Attempting to effectually delay his pursuer, the boy threw down on the ground the wooden comb, one of the magic articles which his father had given to them before they started out on this dangerous adventure. This comb instantly produced a dense area of thick, jungle-brush which for a short while hindered the ogre, since he found considerable difficulty in penetrating its matted branches and strong roots.

When, however, again the monstrosity of a man drew up nearer to them to clutch at their bodies, the youngest boy this time let drop the peculiar black sandstone. This at once was transformed into a high, dark-forested mountain peak which, for the meanwhile at least, assisted in delaying the terrible ogre; until he clambered over this new mountain they had created by magic, and once more he neared them in his frenzy and eagerness.

Then they instantly emptied the bottle of oolichan fish oil given to them by their father, as they continued to race forward, and this liquid at once caused to form a vast lake of water, around which the desperate Cannibal had to make a far round-about circuit to reach them again.

When, however, they had arrived at the base of the lower foothills near their home, as the cannibal almost grasped them they immediately let fly away the white wool, the very last of their precious four power-giving articles, handed to them by their father for their special safety.

This white fleecy wool floated lightly on the breeze, showing instantly as a heavy, dense white fog, such as is always to be seen softly resting along the foothills on Rivers Inlet, with its beautiful tranquil shores, between the calm waters and the restful, tree-clothed beach. For a long period this impenetrable fog retarded the ogre in his pursuit, giving the four brothers breathing time to recover their wind and forge ahead farther away from their enemy; who was still coming fast behind them, groping his way noisily in the thick mist.

The Boys Near Their Homes

As the brothers gradually came nearer to their home, they shouted loudly to their father to bind the rope more strongly around their lodge, so as to effectually protect it against the oncoming giant, for the enemy was now scrambling along fast after them. For you must know that the Indians in early times had no metal nails with which to hold up the split cedar sideboards of lodges in place. They used instead long ropes, woven skilfully of stout cedar bark, to prevent the heavy winter gales of wind from blowing away all the planks from the sides and roof of any building, for the boards could not be carefully dovetailed together in place as were the big corner posts and long roof timbers, by tenons and mortices.

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Leslie M. Frost

Prime Minister,
The Province of Ontario.

At last the four brothers all reached their father's lodge in safety and rushed inside, only just before the eye could catch hold of them, and the door was slammed to and firmly fastened from the inside.

The man-eater, on his speedy arrival close behind them, could not get in but made a tremendous, vibrating noise with his many-sounding "whistles," as he stalked round and round the lodge outside; and then he found that all the sides of the door and the roof boards of the building were firmly secured again his forcible entry, he climbed on to the roof, in an attempt to get down inside through the smoke-hole, which also he discovered fastened securely against his mighty attack.

Then Nan-wa-kaw-i, the boys' father, in his subtle wisdom, wishing to parley, called out loudly to the man-eater, saying, "Bak-ba-kual-anu-ksi-wae," "do not be so fierce, brother. I will feed you with two of my sons if you will go away and come back in four days with your wife and son." So the monster quickly agreed to immediately depart, but promised to come back in four days' time.

As soon as the cannibal had left them, Nan-wa-kaw-i and his four sons, together with the skilled mechanic spoken of before, rapidly began to prepare for the return of the unwelcome guest expected in four days. Then the clever artist made the house ready for the promised festival. He designed the four great posts of the house, each like a "zun-u-kaw," those powerful giants of all creation, who could speak and always staunchly supported aloft the immense round roof-timbers; these were also covered with other carved figures.

There was a double-headed serpent, stretched around the back end of the house and a raven in the doorway, inside the beak of the totem, as it now stands. Bak-ba-kual-anu-ksi-wae and his family had to pass through this beak to enter the house. A pit was dug very deep under the dais-seat with its three sides, shaped thus: as three sides of a square, where the invited family were to be hospitably seated. They killed two shaggy pack dogs, to clothe a skull and skeleton of a man. They built up a big fire and heated much water, contained in closely woven baskets of cedar roots, well fashioned to hold water, heated by dropping red hot stones into them. A big cedar box to be used as a drum, was also prepared.

Arrival of the Cannibal Guests

When the cannibal guests duly appeared without fail on the fourth day, they were welcomed by Nan-wa-kaw-i, and courteously shown to the dais-seats, propped up temporarily over the hidden mouth of the deep pit, which had been cunningly dug a few days before.

Then the youngest son persuasively asked his father, who was standing up, holding his beautifully carved speaking stick, to relate to their visitors his own long family history.

Now every time that Nan-wa-kaw-i struck the big cedar box, painted with signs and used as a base-drum, the great Thunder-bird, carved life-like at the end of his stick, would energetically flap both wings, while the "kit" or killer whale, faithfully shaped true to nature, resting below on the same stick, would straighten out full length, vigorously stretching itself and blowing out fire.

All the while that the great Chief was relating his own family totem and history, the four powerful giants, "zun-u-kwa," forming the upright pillars of the house, and the Raven, whose carved beak was used as the entrance

door, all would open and shut their eyes, echoing whatever Nan-wa-kaw-i said, and great figures also spoke, telling the Chief to treat his visitors sumptuously.

As these events were happening, the man-eating Bak-ba-kual-anu-ksi-wae, his fat wife and unwieldy son, forming the cannibal family, became so interested in all they heard and saw, that they slowly grew very drowsy, and soon all were sleeping.

Trap is Sprung on Intruders

Then two of the sons of Nan-wa-kaw-i, who were stationed ready on the ends of the dais-seats, with the help of the house slaves quickly knocked away the underprops, placed temporarily beneath the centre part to support the full weight, and so tipped the whole seat over, making all the three visitors—the man-eater, his wife and son—fall down suddenly into the deep pit, dug purposely for their undoing.

Then the slaves with tongs took the hot stones, already prepared, and dropped them into the hole on to the family of cannibals, who were now fully awake to their terrible danger, but who could not climb up the steep sides of the pit, though uttering piercing screams.

So the Chief's slaves and sons continued to pile the red hot stones upon them till they were all thoroughly cremated, and then the boiling water came as well, to completely destroy every one of them.

They left the remains in the pit for 24 hours, then removed them to the last bit, cutting everything left whole into minutely small pieces.

When it was all over, the old Chief took their ashes and scattered them widely to the four corners of the earth, saying, "Go, and be the man-eaters of the latter days."

The sparks that ascended from the burning of the bones, and the ashes of the man-eater, are today all the mosquitoes, horse-flies, fleas and other vermin that in the summer so cruelly torment the whole human race.

This then is the truthful legend, showing how Nan-wa-kaw-i, the great Chief, successfully conquered Bak-ba-kual-anu-ksi-wae, the terrible man-eater, and his family, who till then had savagely prevented the Chief's tribe from ever going abroad in peace around that particular country. But the four magic symbols spoken of in this story, namely, the mountain, the lake, forest-jungle and fog, which never leave that lake and hill, winter and summer, are all still today to be seen at Rivers Inlet.

This is the true story of Chief Wakawi's ancestor, named Nan-wa-kaw-i, meaning "Wisdom Personified," in the Indian tongue.

Rest his great Spirit.



Legend of Ta-Moo-Kee (Kingfisher)

and The Bear Totem Pole

This pole was also made at Alberni, Vancouver Island, by Chief George of the Muchilat (or Maithklah, meaning dancer), Indians. Both poles were brought down from Alberni and erected in their present position by Mr. Bannister.

The dancing mask on top of this pole has been added to the original design and is particularly fine. It once belonged to a Hesquiat Indian chief. The eyes are made to roll and the mouth to open and shut. It is constructed almost entirely of cedar shakes, built up in the shape of a fan, and was used in dancing and religious festivals.

The top figure represents Ta-Moo-Kee, the Kingfisher, who was known far and wide as a terrible prevaricator, always talking of his notable doings which never really amounted to anything at all.



One day the bear was walking along the creek and he met the Kingfisher, who was engaged in catching fish. The bear remarked, "Ta-Moo-Kee, I am tired of hearing what you can do, because you never accomplish anything that you talk about. Now you never hear me say much, but I am just going to show you something." And with that he started to pull a very large snake out of his mouth, much to the astonishment of Ta-Moo-Kee. (All the world over the snake was used as the ancient symbolic sign of wisdom). There is probably a deeper meaning to this somewhat childish history, than appears on the surface.

The forms of animals and men are said to be readily transferable at a moment's notice, each man having a certain animal form which he can inhabit at will. So it may be seen that if the animal forms were changed to human ones, the story on our totem pole could be a very personal one, only slightly veiled, but quite evident to all who knew the characters in question.

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THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE RAVEN

By AMY CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON

THE INDIAN legend of the Raven is supposed to be the oldest of any today related by them; and from the fact that it is still so prevalent among many tribes scattered along the coast, inhabiting sheltered nooks among the inlets, harbors, channels and islands dotted about for probably two thousand miles of seaboard at least, covering the whole northern coast-line, therefore it should not be surprising that this almost prehistoric Raven narrative has now several variations in its telling. Different version may also be due to the circumstance that all Indian legends have only been orally passed on from one generation to another; while moreover everyone's mental vision and intuitive faculties are not always alike, all apt to alter the setting of any story.

This Raven totem belongs to perhaps the most powerful, as well as the most numerous people among the whole Indian tribes, passing even so far north as to touch the Arctic Circle, since the Raven has so many marriage-ties with those of the Great Thunder-bird, his sister Kolus, the Grizzly Bear, and other less important totems.

The following diction is how the legend runs, as told to the writer's wife and himself, either by the chief, or by the medicine men, or the different, important wives of the tribe; the latter especially are the ones who mentally preserve and more correctly narrate the tribal traditions.

There was a time, in the very long ago, when this world, as wholly represented by the Province of British Columbia and Alaska, whose Indian tribes are much intermarried, was only inhabited by supernatural beings, who were neither ordinary men nor women, as we are today; nor were they the usual birds, animals, or fishes, similar to our denizens of the mountains, forest and sea as we now know them; but they were rather superior creatures, able to overcome all natural difficulties, full of craft and wisdom, to our ideas perform miracles, and to control all and every natural phenomenon of the four elements—earth,

air, fire and water; whether in the sky, on the land, in its lower regions, or under the sea.

In fact, today in the Indian's inner fancy they still exist, as their tutelary spirits and guardians, both well and evilly disposed ones, attached to persons and influencing their actions.

At that far distant period, darkness reigned over the whole of the earth. The Creator of the World, the Great Raven, had his lodge built at the head of the Naas River, in the northern part of the Province of British Columbia. This Creator, however, to maintain his power, autocratically concealed the stars, the sun, and the moon from mortals, so that these luminaries could shed no light.

The sun was hidden by itself in one box, the moon in another, and all the stars together in a third. So the Great Raven was also called, "the Chief of Light." A supernatural spirit determined to scheme and steal this light away, so consulted his friend, the Chief of the Frogs. The Frog told the spirit that the Great Raven had a daughter, Hoh-hok, of whom he was very fond and careful. She was a young virgin and was only allowed to drink from one certain pool and must always be chaperoned by her women. The mink, his friend, helped him to hide, as a spirit, so that he stayed concealed at this particular spring. He then became a needle of the hemlock tree, overshadowing this pool, where Hoh-hok came to drink. She swallowed this hemlock needle when drinking, and so the Younger Raven was born. His grandfather, the Creator, was glad of a grandchild, and kept him with his mother in his own lodge.

But as he grew up a spoilt being, he constantly cried and was peevish. To keep him quiet, at last the grandfather gave him a box of stars to play with.

These he threw about, and finally threw them up in the air, through the smoke-hole, so they they stuck in the sky, where they remain today. The young Raven cried so



Ladies of Nootka, located on the west coast of Vancouver Island, pictured in the period 1860 to 1870.

much at the loss of his toys that he made himself ill, as he would not eat. So then his grandfather gave, to stop his crying, the box with the moon in it. This, in time, the Young Raven also threw up through the smoke-hole into the air; and so the moon has become visible at nights ever since. At this loss the spoilt one bellowed more than ever and kept it up all night, so that no one could sleep. In sheer desperation next morning his grandfather at last gave him the sun to play with.

This he rolled about, making a terrible noise, and at last rolled it outside through the door of the lodge, when it bounced up into the sky, thus establishing day and night, darkness and light for all times.

This is how the mortals now see the sun, moon and stars in their due times and have learnt to know the four seasons, and so keep track of time and years.

After this the Young Raven was full of fear, and flew over the earth, leaving his grandfather's lodge.

The spirits, too, are afraid of the new light, so some dive into the sea and become the fishes, others go to the forests and become the birds, while others run away into the mountains and become animals.

The Younger Raven heard of a spring of fresh water, for before they drank no fresh water, only salt sea water, except where the Great Raven kept the sacred one.

His uncle was guardian of this fresh spring, but would not give the Young Raven any. So while his uncle was asleep he played a trick on him, so that the uncle had to go down and swim in salt water to clean himself.

While he was away swimming the Young Raven drank his fill from the spring. When his uncle returned and found this out he meant to beat his nephew, but the Young

Raven tried to fly up and escape through the smoke-hole in the roof. His uncle called to the spirits of the smoke-hole, who held the Younger Raven in the smoke till he was all covered black with soot; that is why ever afterwards ravens are black. The Younger Raven then flew away again, and there he dropped much fresh water there was a lake or river; where only a few drops, a creek came.

Later the Younger Raven desired to create mortals, as men and women.

At first he tried making them of stones, but then they had no brains or wit, so he threw them down and broke them to pieces. Next he tried to make them from the leaves and needles of trees. Mortals so made satisfied him sufficiently for him to keep them. Another legend, however, relates that he heard a small voice crying in a cockleshell, and when the Raven opened this he found baby mortals within.

As leaves die on the trees, so do mortals, in due season pass over. So their bodies had to be buried and their spirits propitiated. Therefore the feast and potlatch were instituted.

Food eaten there, or buried "by the fire," that is, by the "old-woman-under-the-fire," or little old mouse-woman, is carried, as well as all messages, by her from men to the supernatural spirits.

If no blankets were given away at potlatch, then the dead would be cold and hungry in the next world. The dead must never be neglected, and must especially be honored, because they are all about us, and are very angry if they are not cared for and no kind words spoken to them.

So the Raven has always been a great benefactor to mankind, and must be duly respected. So ends the story.

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Chief Maquinna

The man who met the first white explorers on Vancouver Island's west coast was Chief Maquinna, Chief of Nootka and Yuquot. It was he who met Captain James Cook on his boat the *Resolution* in 1778. To get an idea of Chief Maquinna the man, we turn to the Narrative of

of black sea otter skin, which reached to his knees, and was fastened around his middle by a broad belt of the cloth of the country, wrought or painted with figures of several colors. This dress was by no means unbecoming but on the contrary had an air of savage magnificence."



Nootka War Song

War-song of the Nootka Tribe from narrative of the adventures and sufferings of John R. Jewitt, only survivor of the crew of the ship *Boston* during captivity of nearly three years by Chief Maquinna and his people at Nootka, West Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, 1803.

NOOTKA WAR SONG—1803

Commencing with a chorus repeated at the end of each line.

*Hab-yee hab yar,bar, be yar hab.
Le yie ee yah bar—ee yie hab.
le yar-ee yar hab—ee yar hab.
le yar ee l yar yar hab—le yar ee yee yah!*

*l-ye ma hi-chill at-sish Kla-ba-Ha-ye-bah,
Que nok ar parts-arsh waw—le yie-yar
Wah-hoo naks sar basch—Yar-bah. l-yar bee l-yar
Waw hoo naks ar basch-yak-queets sish ni-ese
War bar. Hie yee ab-bah.*

Repeated over and over with gestures and brandishing of weapons.

NOTE: "le-yee ma hi-chill," signifies "Ye do not know." It appears to be a poetical mode of expression and the common for "you do not know," Wik-kum-atash; from this, it would seem that they had two, one for their songs, and another for common use. The general meaning of this first song appears to be, "You little know ye men of Klahar, what valiant warriors we are. Poorly can our foes contend with us, when we come with our daggers, etc."

The Nootkans have no songs of a historical nature, nor do they appear to have any traditions respecting their origin.



Famous Old Indian Bridge at Old Hazelton, B.C.



the Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, originally of Boston in England, armorer of the American Schooner *Boston*. He wrote:

"I was, however, particularly struck with the looks of their King, who was a man of dignified aspect, about six feet in height and extremely strait (correct) and well-proportioned; his features were in general good and his face was rendered remarkable by a large Roman nose, a very uncommon form of feature among these people; his complexion was of a dark, copper hue, though his face, legs and arms were on this occasion so covered with red paint that their natural color could scarcely be perceived. His eyebrows were painted black in two broad stripes like a new moon, and his long black hair, which shone with oil, was fastened in a bunch at the top of his head and he was strewed or powdered all over with white down, which gave him a most curious and extraordinary appearance. He was dressed in a long mantle or cloak

CHIEF TESTLEYEE'S CEREMONIAL MASK

THE story of the ceremonial mask worn by Chief Andy Frank (Chief Testleyee) is one which for hundreds of years has been repeated by word of mouth from generation to generation to the present time.

The ceremonial mask is called the Qwa-ye-Qwa, "The Greatest Mask of All," and belongs to the Puntlege tribe known as the Comox.

This mask, steeped in Indian folklore, is worn by Chief Andy Frank in a special ceremonial dance that is performed by the wearer. He is the only person among his tribe qualified to wear this mask.

The legend goes that Qwa-ye-Qwa was crossing a river which is now known as Quinsam River when a man named Testleyee met him. Testleyee was the first person ever to see Qwa-ye-Qwa and since that time Qwa-ye-Qwa has been the ceremonial mask of the man

named Testleyee for dancing the ceremonial dances of that family.

This mask, Qwa-ye-Qwa, became the highest ranking mask of the ceremonial dancers of the Puntlege tribe. The daughter of Testleyee was named Or-ma, the highest ranking woman of the tribe.

The mask passed down from generation to generation to the late Chief Joe Nim-Nim of the Puntlege Tribe, being used by him when performing the ancient ceremonial dances of the Puntlege Tribe.

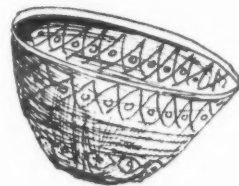
When the Old Chief's time came to go, he picked his nephew, Chief Andy Frank, and trained him to take his place and to inherit his chieftainship and inherit all his ceremonial regalia and to be the wearer of the Great Ancient Ceremonial Mask of his tribe, Qwa-ye-Qwa.

The old chief Nim-Nim felt that Chief Andy Frank was best fitted of all his family to carry on the tradition of his people.



CHIEF ANDREW FRANK (TESTLEYEE)
Hereditary Chief of the Puntlege Tribe, Comox, B.C.

Page Twenty-eight



Blue Star Mothers Extend Good Wishes

On behalf of the Blue Star Mothers of America and the "First Americans" on the Reservations here in America, I want to wish you well during your Centennary and on your special publication for this important occasion.

I am an ardent reader of the Native Voice and very interested in the British Columbia Indian life, as well as our own here. Our organization, with aid of interested groups, is supplying foodstuffs, clothing, shoes, blankets, and other items for 350 families here on the Reservations of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. This is an aid of hope to them until the legislation and schooling they should have is given them.

The best of all our wishes to you!

EVA JOHNSTON,
National Indian Welfare Chairm. in United States for Blue Star Mother of America.



Mother Treaty Bowl

By DONALD CAMPBELL-JOHNSTON, M.E.

TO THOSE favoured people who keenly delight in research work and the deep study of all the most fascinating prehistoric Indian Primal lore and old-time customs connected with their feasts and intricate ceremonial rites, which in the long ago prevailed among the numerous coastal tribes of this sea-washed Province of British Columbia, this unexpected, recent unearthing of a greatly honoured possession so highly prized by them, dating back to very early days; namely, one of their magnificent "Mother Treaty Bowls," is indeed a treasured find of supreme importance and far-reaching interest. From it, we can more correctly decipher their ethnology and perhaps exact pristine descent, since these same genuine rarities can never again be replaced. We are able to recall to mind their people's true history, while the entrancing secrets of their esoteric, ceremonial uses at great feasts and conclaves are fast slipping away into complete oblivion, owing to the final passing out of mighty leaders like the powerful Chief Wakawi, of Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, with other similar ones, noted as "shamens" or witch-doctors and ascetic "hamatzas,"

all of whom alone still stand for the ideal remnant, so deeply versed in the cult of their ancient and almost forgotten Indian rituals, ceremonies and ancestor worship.

This perfectly preserved "Mother Treaty Bowl," which has never been exposed to the weather, and is thus well preserved, measures in stature, in its reclining position, about fifteen and a half feet, without the bent knees of the figure being stretched out to their full length. It is of equally gigantic dimensions, in the same proportions, as to its width across the shoulders and hips, and depth through from its breast to the back. It is highly sculptured and vividly coloured in symbolic patterns, such as among others "the bucket of life" and other emblems.

Further, its whole construction, for its special purpose of use, is minutely devised, perhaps a little recalled in our own "loving cup," often still passed round at our formal banquets, to answer to the tedious and long-drawn-out formalities practised during the arranging and contentious framing of their inter-tribal treaties and laws, among these coastal war-like Indians in their prime, dating back to those dim periods, long preceding the latter coming of our white adventurers and navigators, in the latter end of the eighteenth century.

THE deeply cut marks of the primitive sculptor's tools, still appearing over the surface of this striking and immense "Mother Treaty Bowl," would seem to clearly

demonstrate the use of their early stone axes, adzes, hammers, chisels, and other similar implements, combined with charring and fire, during its fashioning and carving, where these tools were driven home into the massive cedar trunk, felled for its moulding, in one great solid piece.

This carved, giant female figure of the universal



An extremely rare old Indian relic now lying in Vancouver. It is one of the Coast Indians' most prized possessions.

"Mother" of all creation, for mere man is accounted for naught in their simple, impressive system of matronymic customs, practised among the tribes even to this day, possible exhibits the zenith of their former native art in carving and colouring, achieved to symbolize and present their highest mystic ideals.

The Indians at Alert Bay, or rather the women of the tribes, where this "Mother Treaty Bowl" was stored away in a corner of their large Communal Council Lodge, declared that this same tribal "Mother Treaty Bowl" had not been used once, even, during this whole twentieth century. The laws and regulations strictly enacted by the Indian Department at Ottawa, had entirely prohibited all of these great ceremonial feasts, held to settle some very momentous question or complete, perhaps, some very important marriage-tie between the offsprings of certain powerful chiefs of two separate tribes. All matrimonial unions must be sought outside of the bride's or bridegroom's own tribe, as the "Raven" clan wedding with the "Bear" clan and so on; or again, a settlement concerning some exclusive hunting or fishing rights and privileges, granted to particular families over strictly defined portions of the seashores, lakes, mountains, forests or a special ridge, as a dividing line.

During the whole of this long lapse in calling these treaty-making feasts and potlaches (giving-away feasts) this valued "Mother Treaty Bowl" had been entrusted for

safe-keeping to Chief Wakawi or Watchus, meaning "a seer" in the Indian tongue, their recognized leader in these districts, and considered for many years to be the "wisest man" among all the Indians hereabouts.

This same Chief, in his advanced old age of many moons, and present feebleness, though completely blind from constant contact with pungent wood-smoke all his life, added to, and assisted by, certain weird ceremonies, at set times of concentration prescribed, is still deeply versed in all Indian ancient lore and traditions relating to their fast set customs, precedents, secret rites and rituals at the conferences and seasonal dance ceremonies, the hereditary office holders, pertaining to each grown member of the tribe, the proper marriage ties to be knit, and those of the past generations; in fact, the ordered sequence of community law, to maintain the strength and power of the tribe, and keep the adjoining tribes mutually allied from common interests.

THIS precious Indian relic, the "Mother Treaty Bowl," as mentioned, represents a gigantic female figure of "Mother Nature" reclining on her back, having bent knees and bare feet, with her outstretched arms placed close to the sides.

The calm-featured face is upturned and is constructed as a moveable slab of wood from the carved head, the inside of the latter having been cut away to form a large and deep hollow space.

The deepset eye-sockets are each centred in two large, round holes, instead of having eyeballs, and the big round mouth, like the funnels of the eyes, connects as an open passage with the expansive hollowed space within. All

these three openings were contrived, so that when candles or other forms of illumination were left burning in the cavity of the head, bright gleams of light poured forth from the eye-sockets and mouth, and "Mother" as the giant figure is called in the Indian tongue, never sleeps, nor shuts her eyes, caring for her many children, including the several entire tribes. She continues without ceasing to keep constant watch for their welfare, during the whole session of the great feast and conclave being held.

At present, "Mother's locks," that should grow profusely over the top of her hoary pate, are very scanty, for the moment, as her feckless children have failed in their duty to renew the beautiful growth periodically for some time now. This tonsorial operation used to consist in ruthlessly cutting the splendid hair of the women slaves and captives, taken in raids made on other tribes, while men-folk had been first slaughtered, and in burning small shallow holes in Mother's skull, and by punching in bunches of these short locks, then magnificently streaming down over her old figure, fastened in place by plugs of other strands of hair.

Furthermore, the main stomach of the large wooden figure has been almost entirely removed and excavated, forming an immense basin, to act as a receptacle into which during these feast-rejoicings and tribal conferences are poured many gallons of a sacred beverage dubbed "clalla chuck" meaning in trader's jargon of chinook patois, "wine or booze, made from native berries."

ON THE places where Mother's bosoms should be, but here represented by only flattened surfaces, are resting two small moveable figures, also possessing hol-

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GOVERNMENT OF SASKATCHEWAN

lowed central cavities, like their parent, into which lesser bowls are ladled portions of the whole beverage, taken from Mother's stomach. These lesser figures are left standing in their positions over the place of Mother's bosoms, until later removed at the appointed time.

On the supposed place of Mother's navel, but likewise flattened off in reality, is also rested another bowl, still larger than the two upper figures. It has carved projections at the ends, to act as handles for the chief's hands in carrying the full bowl among his people, charged to the brim with more of the same "clalla chuck," similarly taken from Mother's internal anatomy.

Reposing on two other flattened surfaces, made on the knee caps, are placed two other still much larger wine bowls, having, however, only wide rims, by which to bear them away.

A big conference of local tribes, having been specially convened by sending out messengers with verbal invitations, and also all the properly appointed preparations in the tribal council chamber already arranged, the council is opened in solemn gravity and self poise by the chief who called the conclave.

The chiefs of the several tribes assembled, assisted as well by the "shamans" of each separate tribe, first settle among themselves before conveying the messages to the rank and file of the tribe and the womenfolk, all the knotty points in dispute, and the whole matter to be argued and agreed upon.

This discussion properly takes a long time, since only one person is permitted to speak at once, and he may say his full without interruption, taking as long as he chooses, for the penalty for interrupting a dignitary, which is a mortal offense, often ends in death.

When the chief, who is like our parliamentary chairman, signs to the next speaker, he must rise, coming in order of strict precedence.

Their orations at all times, on any provocation were very flowery and extremely long-winded.

The chiefs-in-council, having at last thoroughly threshed out the subject in hand, each to his supposed mutual satisfaction, then rise up in a body, pass out of the inner enclosure into the main hall, going up immediately to the Mother Treaty Bowl standing near the centre of the council chamber.

IN THE Alert Bay district, where this particular Bowl was in use, there were five principal tribes, joined together in common interests, and so five smaller bowls were provided, each tribe always using the same smaller one on each occasion, as a symbol of his individual priority, personal possessions and importance, compared with other tribes.

So then each chief raised his special bowl, already filled to the brim with brew, dipped from the stomach or womb of Mother, and took this draught over to his own tribe, sitting apart, who were stolidly and in outward calmness, awaiting his coming. He implicitly related and explained to them all that had been settled so far in secret council with the other chiefs.

Then his whole tribe, one at a time, spoke to the question in hand, and voted by show of hands, the women also very much taking part. If afterwards they duly accepted the details and substance of the treaty, then they readily drank up all of the liquor, and the chief carefully replaced the empty bowl on the same spot from which he had originally taken it, but without uttering a single word.

His silent act signified that his tribe collectively had agreeably ratified the treaty.

If, however, the terms offered did not please his tribe, and they finally decided, figuratively, to fight for better ones, then their chief took back the bowl untouched, still full to the brim, and stead of exactly replacing it, set it down on the ground, touching the neck of the Mother, also without speaking a word.

He then walked back to his tribe, and sat again among them. The other chiefs, all watching his actions; and recognizing its meaning and significance, once more met him within the inner room, and earnestly tried a compromise to suit all.

The final offer of new terms was then again told to the dissenting tribe. If, however, they held out and would not agree, then their bowl was left on the ground untouched, by Mother, and they all trooped out in silence, going to their canoes and instantly departed for their own village.

THIS disagreement was a very serious matter, as no succeeding conference was probably called for from one to four years.

In the interval, the departing tribe were coldly regarded as enemies to the other consenting tribes, and bad neighbours might readily brood and cause sudden unannounced marauding raids on one another's villages.

So this Mother's Treaty Bowl played a very important function in the tribal methods of arranging treaties, laws, and other agreements of a personal nature.

There is, among the Indians themselves, reported to be only one other "Mother Treaty Bowl" existing today, at all like it or so elaborate, and that other one lies away in far northern Alaska, where its owners in the tribe declare that they will never part with it for love, or any amount of money at all, being spellbound by superstition.

The Indian Department at Ottawa has now absolutely prohibited the deportation of all totems and old Indian relics by outsiders from any Indian reserves.

The Ottawa Indian Department having entirely forbidden potlaches (giving-away feasts), are now demanding, through their local agents, the confiscation of old Indian regalia, dresses, insignia and every instrument of music, cedar bark ropes, and all things having any connection with these feasts. They are shipping these same articles wholesale to the Museum in Ottawa, having already procured 17 cases from Alert Bay, as the Indians, in fear of the law, bring them in.

So the impossibility of obtaining any more of these particularly valuable treaty-bowls or totems, has now become a fact. (July, 1924).

Editor's Note, 1958—This Alert Bay Treaty Bowl was sold to the Museum at Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., where it now reposes.





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Spirit Weygat of the Mountains

WEYGAT" is the great spirit (or "Nomas") of the mountains. Next to the great "Sagali Tyee" (Old Hudson's Bay Chinook language meaning "Above Chief"), he is the ruling spirit of the Coast Indians of Northern British Columbia to be reckoned with. His powers of magic, both black and white, are apparently unlimited. Many are the tales told concerning the tricks he plays on the various kings of the beasts, birds and fish, especially on the king of the salmon who is very proud of his acrobatic feats and delights, and therefore, in showing off before any spectator.

Spying the King of the Salmon, one day, disporting himself in the eddies of a whirling cataract, "Weygat" of the Mountains, who evidently possessed a strong sense of humour, being fond of a practical joke at another's expense, conceived a plan for humiliating this proud monarch of the salmon.

This he did by setting a trap to catch him by humouring the fish's self-conceit, as he leaped high out of the whirlpool, gracefully twisting his lithe, glistening body, covered with rainbow-hued and silver scales, that flashed and sparkled in the sunlight while he lashed the foaming waters with his tail, and sent the spray high into the air as he dived back into the cataract.

"Weygat" sat elevated on his rock-throne watching, enjoying the conceited antics of the vain salmon, jeeringly and laughingly defied the salmon king to jump to the higher rocky steps of the waterfall one after the other. This feat the salmon accomplished, jumping each one until "Weygat" finally dared him, by one supreme effort, to jump on to the rock where he (Weygat) sat, and where the King of Salmon landed, only to be cunningly trapped by Spirit "Weygat". History does not relate what was the ultimate fate of the salmon or if a new king had to be found in consequence. There is probably a moral behind this legend.

BESIDES a great variety of spirits of the mountains, forests, and rivers, there are many little people (or gnomes), called "Shieu" by some Indian tribes, who are usually mischievous little creatures that practise magic, and cast spells on any living creature who may have the misfortune to offend them.

At Blackwater Lake in the Naas country near Chief Weymannassac's hunting grounds, dwells a little "shieu" or dwarf, named "Clax." He is very small, hardly more than two feet high, but exceedingly impudent. His chief delight (when at a safe distance) is taunting the king of the bears, when his mighty highness comes to the riverside to drink or fish, by scooping up the salmon with his grey paw. Seemingly all is not harmony between the royal heads of birds, beasts and fish, of the forests and streams, as the profound silence in them would indicate.

"Clax" is wary and careful to remain on the opposite side of the river as he indulges in his favorite pastime of teasing the King of the Bears; (the species of bear near Blackwater Lake are chiefly the much-dreaded grizzly, and the rare white baldface Koduc bear, even bigger and more fierce than the grizzly). Incidentally, on arriving ahead of my party on the second trip to the "Ground House," I looked down into the valley, two hundred feet below, and counted fourteen of these formidable beasts. Even Clax's wonderful magic is hardly sufficient protection

In Loving Memory

This story is taken from the unpublished autobiography of the late Amy E. C. Campbell-Johnston, wife of the late Ronald C. Campbell-Johnston, old time mining engineer, who came to British Columbia with his family in 1890.

The book from which this story is taken covers the period from 1890 until the time of her death in 1948 and published in the Centennial Special Edition of The Native Voice in loving memory of my parents.

MAISIE A. C. HURLEY,
Publisher of The Native Voice.

against a blow from the mighty paw of such massive creatures when enraged. Accordingly, Clax does his taunting, very wisely, from the far side of the rivers when the waters are sufficiently high to be a safeguard.

On one occasion whilst bandying words with the King of the Bears when he came to the riverside to catch salmon, Clax got the worst of it, for the King of the Bear's answer so annoyed the little dwarf that he shrieked out angrily: "For that, just for that, no more salmon shall run up the river."

And that is exactly what happened, for Clax had cast a spell upon the waters, so that the fish did not return until he had taken the spell away, at his own convenience.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIAN LEGEND

*The spirit of the mountains,
King Weygat on his throne,
Watched the Monarch of the salmon,
Disporting all alone,
His twirlings and his twistings were
So full of vain conceit,
That Weygat of the Mountains,
Sat planning his defeat,
And dared him jump the highest ledge,
Beneath his royal feet,
And thus the cunning Weygat
Soon cut off all retreat.*

—Amy E. C. Campbell-Johnston.



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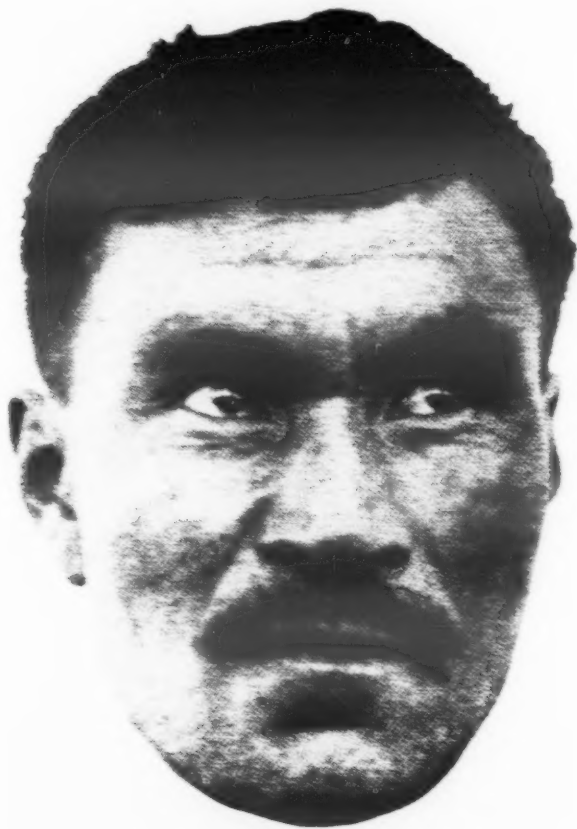
The Authentic Story

Simon Gun-a-Noot

By Constance Cox

IT WAS a cold misty morning in October, 1886, in the Village of Kitimat on the banks of the Skeena River, B.C. Four little Indian boys were playing bear. Three of the boys had bows and arrows, but one boy had his father's old gun.

He told the other boys to put away their bows and arrows and that he would be the hunter and the little boys would be bears.



The boys began acting like bears. The boy with the gun took aim and pulled the trigger, but alas, the gun was loaded and it went off hitting one of the boys in the abdomen. The little boy walked ten yards and went into the house holding his hands across his stomach and said to his Mother's aunt.

There was no doctor in the country and no Indian Agent, so there was no one to call on for help but there was a visitor who had come to the country for big game hunting. Sir Turner Turner from England, he offered his help, and the best he could but the boy died in two hours.

Page Illustrated

There was a great commotion in the Village as the Indian law is a life for a life.

The little boy that fired off the gun, was nowhere to be found. He was Simon Gun-a-Noot's brother and he was eleven years old. I can still hear Simon's Mother calling her son. She was out both day and night, calling and calling but no answer came back to her. This went on for months.

THEN a feast was given Simon's Father and Mother when they came to pay for the boy that was shot. They brought blankets, guns and little Simon. He was four years old then, such a nice looking little boy.

The blankets were all put in a pile, also the guns and poor little Simon stood by the pile.

He stood there so bravely, some agreed to taking Simon in payment for the dead boy. Indian law, others did not agree. Then they all decided to have his height in blankets. This was done and Simon was returned to Mother who was so glad to have him back as he was the only son they had now. Two months had gone by and Simon's little brother had not been found. Most of the people had given up looking for him, but his Mother still was out day and night looking for him.

Time went on and the month of March had come. A hunter going out to hunt found poor little Din hanging from a small tree—he had hung himself in despair. He had been hiding in a hole on the hillside.

The evidence around the hole was that he had kept himself alive there by snaring rabbits. His body was brought into the Village where it was prepared for burial.

SIMON'S father and mother then left for Kispiox, where they remained for four years, returning again to Kitimat (Hazelton). Simon by this time was eight years old, a very nice quiet well behaved little boy. I think his previous experience in life had given him a thoughtful look.

He was very anxious to learn to read and write. Very often he would come to our home and for his benefit my brother and I used to play school, where he really learned to sign his name and write simple words. The father and mother decided they would take him over again.

This time they went to Muzadden Lake where they put in five or six years of trapping and hunting, where Simon's father taught Simon the law of the woods. He taught him how to be shrewd and cautious. When next I saw him he was a young man, ready to open up business for himself in the Village of Kispiox.

He built himself a house and a building which he was later to use as his store. That summer Simon married a girl from Kispiox. After their first child was born Simon decided to go to Vancouver to buy merchandise for his store, taking his wife and child with him. The

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baby was in an Indian cradle which the Mother carried on her back.

Simon could not understand the attraction they caused, people stopping them to have their pictures taken every five minutes, until it suddenly dawned on him that all

the attraction was caused by the Indian baby in the cradle. They hurried back to their hotel took the baby out of the cradle, returned to do their shopping in peace.

They bought merchandise for their store and returned to their home in Kispiox to open their store.

Simon also had a farm on the Skeena called Anlane where he raised cattle and horses.

He was a very industrious and enterprising man and was honest in all his dealings and although he had experienced even as a child a very cruel experience, he always had a pleasing personality. On his trip to Vancouver, he had bought himself a camera and a violin. He had learned to use them, both to his own satisfaction.

THAT winter he closed his store and returned to one of his hunting and trapping grounds in the north where he remained until spring, returning to Kispiox to again open up his store.

That summer his wife took very sick, so could not return with him to the hunting grounds. Simon left, taking with him Peter Hi-Madam, who was married to his niece Christine, who was born in the Sikinee Country.

Her mother, Simon's sister, had been given in payment for a murder committed by Simon's uncle who had shot a Sikinee Indian whom he had found hunting on his hunting ground. Their hunting grounds were a very sacred thing to them and have belonged to the Indians for hundreds of years. Nevertheless, due to Indian tradition, they had to pay for the man's death, which had happened before Simon was born. Death and tragedy followed their trail. Simon's sister and two daughters had just returned to their own country and relatives. For 40 long years, she had been kept exile in the Sikinee Country.

WHEN Simon returned in the spring with his winter's catch of furs, he found the Town of Hazelton (which is surrounded by the Kitamox Reserve). They were building the Grand Trunk Pacific at this time. There were hundreds of people coming into the country as a result to open up different kinds of businesses.

One of the places opened up for business was a roadhouse situated two miles out of town from Hazelton. This roadhouse was a notorious gambling and drinking place, liquor was sold to whoever had the money to buy it, including Indians.

Simon arrived at this place with a number of other whites and natives who were in the habit of frequenting it, and found to his surprise that he was able to buy liquor. He bought himself several drinks, then he bought drinks for the house.

The proprietor of the roadhouse had hired a man to act as chuckerout. The chuckerout walked up to Simon and asked him where he was getting all his money from, to which Simon replied "I have just sold my furs." The chuckerout laughed and made a very insulting remark about Simon's wife, shocking him. Simon greatly resented this man's vile remarks. Simon asked him to take his words back, to which the chuckerout replied, "I will not," and the fight started.

Simon had his jaw broken and the chuckerout had his hand injured; and as Simon was leaving the roadhouse he turned and said "I am going to get my gun and coming back to shoot you." He did return and met his victim about a mile from the roadhouse, lifted his gun and shot



Mrs. Constance Cox

... A Famous Lady

... whom we are deeply indebted for her several fine contributions to our special edition and her help in seeing that it became a reality. Mrs. Cox was the first white girl born in Old Hazelton. She is the daughter of Thomas Hain, who built the first Hudson's Bay fort near Old Hazelton. This beautiful lady has had a most colourful and interesting life. She speaks four Native languages fluently and was Court Interpreter for many years. Mrs. Cox has been interpreter for famous historian Marius Barbeau and travelled throughout the Northland with him collecting Native legends, stories, and historical facts.

him dead off his horse. Then he fled back to his farm at Anlane.

On his way back he met his niece Christine and she exchanged guns with him giving him a better gun. A few minutes after he met riding on horseback going to Hazelton a man who was the servant of two Lords who had just arrived in town.

THE insulting remark made by the chuckerout at the roadhouse had coupled this man's name with Simon's wife, so he also was shot. He then hurried on to his ranch where he went into hiding. His father and mother lived at the ranch.

In the meantime in Hazelton, they had sworn in a posse to go and arrest Simon for the shooting of these two men. When the posse arrived at Simon's ranch, Simon was nowhere to be found. So they arrested his father, Nagun, and brought him into Hazelton and put him in jail.

The old man sat very silently in jail pondering in his heart how he could escape custody and return to his son who he knew was in trouble. Now this jail had a high fence. Old Nagun asked the guard "Windy Johnson" to take him out to the toilet. "Windy Johnson" stood outside guarding the toilet.

In the meantime Old Nagun felt all the boards on the walls of the toilet to see if he could not find one that was loose, he discovered one that was loose. He came out to the guard who took him back to the jail but that loose board kept returning to his mind until he could not stand it any longer so he asked the guard to take him back to the toilet. This time, he handed his coat and vest

to the guard and went into the toilet; he soon removed the board and fled to freedom.

He crossed the Skeena River and went up it four miles to his son's ranch. The posse headed out once more to Simon's ranch. When they neared the ranch, they found six dogs tied a distance of 20 feet apart, to give warning of any intruding enemy. The posse shot the dogs, giving double warning to the ones they were seeking and when they reached the cabin, there was no one there. They were all hiding and that night the whole Simon Gun-a-Noot family left for Kisgegash where later another posse headed by the late Sergeant Otway Wilkie of the Provincial Police followed them. Mrs. Simon was standing in the village and when asked if she had seen Simon she replied by saying, "I never see Simon." They had no idea that they were talking to Simon's wife. After a short time of making a search of the village, they returned to Hazelton. In the meantime, Simon and his family wandered through the Northland seeking suitable hide outs—sometimes on a high mountain with a commanding view of the surrounding country and sometimes in a secluded valley.

AFTER Simon had been gone eight years I was staying on the Hankin Ranch with my children. One day I was outside in our backyard. I had a full view of a forty-acre field. I saw a man approaching me, whom I soon recognized as Simon Gun-a-Noot. I froze to the ground with fear. I sent all my children into the house and stood there and waited my fate.

When Simon got within ten feet of me, he disarmed himself, laying his rifle against a stump and removing his cartridge belt and hunting knife came forward to talk to

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me. I was grateful for this action, showing me I had nothing to fear.

I invited him in for a warm meal. Then he told me why he had come to see me, his wife was very ill and he had come to ask me for some medicine for her.

My assortment of medicines were very limited, but I did the best I could for him. He was very thankful and with scarcely a sound, he glided away into the dark forest.

I saw no more of him until five years after, when he gave himself up to the late George Beirnes and asked Beirnes to arrange for a lawyer for him.

(Beirnes was working for Ronald C. Campbell-Johnston and he asked him to get a lawyer and Mr. Campbell-Johnston arranged for Stuart Henderson to meet Beirnes. - Publisher).

Beirnes secured the services of Stuart Henderson, at that time considered the best criminal lawyer in B.C. Henderson on appointment met Beirnes in Hazelton and took him out fifty miles north of Hazelton and talked things over. Henderson assured him of his liberty.

There was a \$1,000 reward for Simon, also \$1,000 for Peter Hi-Wadam. Peter became implicated in this unfortunate affair due to the fact that at the coroner's inquest, it was determined that the two men had been shot with a different calibre rifle. After these facts had been discovered, it was taken for granted that Peter was involved in the shooting. So each summer for 13 years, posses were out looking for these two men. (This was due to Christine giving Simon another gun in exchange for his.)

Instead, both Simon and Peter were never caught but gave themselves up to George Beirnes.

THE preliminary hearing was held in Hazelton and was sent up to a higher court in Vancouver where for lack of sufficient evidence Simon Gun-a-Noot was acquitted due to the fact that during the long lapse of time, 13 years, many witnesses had died and those that were there had forgotten the circumstances leading up to the affair.

Simon returned to his own country. Thirteen years of hiding, fear and hardship had made him a different man. He did not seem to care for his fellow men and preferred living with his family in the woods and was very seldom seen in town. He told me that during his 13 years of exile, he had lost two children, his father and mother. He had buried them all on the shore of Bowser Lake, where now he himself is taking his long eternal sloop.

It seems a shame that one so full of ambition to better himself and his family should have had such a sad and troublesome life. Through all his troubles and anxiety, he still showed evidence of better thoughts and better actions, he was a good Indian. From his death bed, he sent me a message that he was dying in peace.

This is the story of the life of Simon Gun-a-Noot, the once honored member of the clan of the Wolves and his desperate fight to do what was right but that awful demon whiteman's fire water fought to pull him down.

This closes the authentic life of Gun-a-Noot. The correct way to pronounce his name was Gum-Min-Loot translated meaning the Three Bear Cubs that ran up the tree. His father's name was Na-Gun, his mother's name was Nox-Din, meaning the Mother of Din, Simon's brother.

STORY OF A TOTEM POLE

By CONSTANCE COX

This totem pole stands in the village of Kitwancool and is reputed to me the most beautifully carved totem pole in British Columbia. It was erected for a chief showing the people what happens to a conceited man. It stands a warning against conceit.



The story goes that a very young man was made chief of this village of Kitwancool. The elders of the village feared that in his extreme youth he would lack wisdom. Previous to this, a cave had been found by one of the older and wiser men of the village. The villagers often wondered how he got all his wisdom and asked him to instruct the younger chief on the things he should do and know, and to be wise in his judgment and leadership. The old man replied that he would "take him to the cave of wisdom which he had discovered."

On the advice of his elder, the young chief visited the cave where he went into a deep sleep and was visited by little spirits resembling perhaps what we would call brownies or fairies.

These little spirits spoke to him and gave him wise counsel and advice and instructed him to act in battle, and how to save his people in time of famine.

For many years after that, whenever the young chief was in difficulties, he would retire to this wonderful cave and be visited by the helpful spirits.

One day, on the eve of a battle between the Naas Indians and the Kitwancools, the people went to the young chief in great fear and told him to hurry to the cave of wisdom. But my this time his great success as a leader had gone to his head and he refused to go to the cave, claiming he did not need to have the spirits tell him what to do as he knew all about it.

Shortly thereafter war was on and the Kitwancool Indians were badly beaten and the young chief killed and his intestines pulled out of his body and wound around the trees of the forest.

After this terrible disaster the Kitwancools erected a totem pole in their village and on it is carved the cave and around this cave, little people and above this, the chief's entrails on the totem are carved as a warning to others who might think they knew it all. The name of this totem pole is *Wihlagak*—meaning the place of opening.



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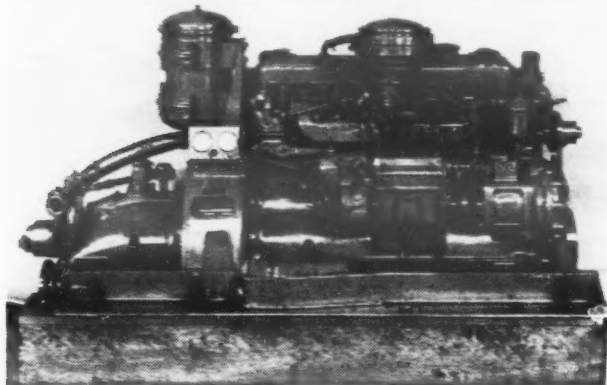
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Gold Commissioner Kidnapping

By Constance Cox

IN THE year 1871, Captain Fitzgerald was appointed Gold Commissioner for the Omineca District at Manson Creek, northern British Columbia. He left Victoria in July 1871 on his way to Hazelton, going up the coast by boat, then from Port Essington by Indian canoe up the Skeena, sending on ahead three canoes.

Skeena Crossing was always a camping place for all canoes coming to Hazelton. The Indians camped there that night and when they left in the morning they set fire to the dry grass which was near the village. The village was burnt down and when Captain Fitzgerald arrived there three days afterwards, the Indians were waiting for him.

They asked him if he intended to pay for their village, but the Gold Commissioner said he did not know if their village would be paid for, so with that the Gold Commissioner was taken prisoner by the Chief Gulthson (Gulth-son means the man that took a chance—he sure did) and held Captain Fitzgerald prisoner in the chief's house.

After Fitzgerald had been tied up for three days he thought of a good scheme to escape.

He said, "I would like to say good-bye to a friend I have in Hazelton as I know I am going to die in a very short time. I would like an Indian boy to take a letter to my friend, Thomas Hankin" (my father). The name Hankin meant a great deal to the Indians, so the letter was brought to Hazelton. Thomas Hankin went to Skeena Crossing and had Captain Fitzgerald released at once.

Captain Fitzgerald returned to Victoria and reported what had happened. The steamer *Beaver* was commandeered by the police who went up as far as the mouth of the Skeena River. From there they proceeded by Indian canoes which they hired to take them to Skeena Crossing (Kitsoukula—Indian name for the village). They arrested 50 Indians including the old Chief.

The trial was held aboard the steamer *Beaver*. The old Indian Chief said it was the only way they could get paid for the burning of their village; they had not done

the Gold Commissioner any harm, just kept him tied up.

The Judge had the wisdom of Solomon. He gave every family in the village \$5, a saw and hammer, a keg of nails, a barrel of black strap molasses, one box of hard tack. The Indians all returned home quite satisfied.



Office of the Gold Commissioner, Capt. Fitzgerald, at Manson Creek.

Captain Fitzgerald is buried in Manson Creek. A few years ago Bruce McKelvie put up a monument for him. His grave is lost, which seems too bad as he was the first Gold Commissioner for Manson Creek. The monument was put up on the land of Mr. Tom Hamilton, owner of the store in Manson Creek. Manson Creek is 125 miles north of Fort St. James.

The Reverend Duncan of Metlakatla, famous missionary of 1860, stood by Chief Gulth-son, giving him strength when he was presenting his evidence at his trial aboard the famous old ship *Beaver*.

Gulth-son's evidence was truthful and simple; his very eloquent explanation of what happened and why he had held Captain Fitzgerald prisoner won the sympathy of the Court and he and the other 30 Indians on trial were acquitted. They were in addition given compensation and help to rebuild their village.

An Indian Prayer

Oh Father, whose voice I hear in the winds and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me. I am a man before you, one of your many children. I am small and weak. I need your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunsets. Make my hands respect the things you have made, my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise so that I may know the things you have taught my people—the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength, Father, not to be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy, myself. Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eye, so that when life fades at the setting sun, my spirit may come to you without shame.

I Have Spoken.

(Author Unknown).

Submitted by Big White Owl.

Our First Senator



James Gladstone, from the Blood Indian tribe of southern Alberta, is the first Canadian treaty Indian to be appointed to the Senate. He has been president of the Indian Association of Alberta for seven of the 13 years it has been in existence and has headed several official delegations to Ottawa on behalf of his people.

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GRAND OLD LADY OF THE HAIDAS

Beloved Indian Lady of Skidegate Mission, Queen Charlotte Islands, is Mrs. Amos Russ, aged 104. Mrs. Russ has 127 direct descendants, including three great great grandchildren, making five generations living. Her grandfather was the famous Chief Weir of Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, and when young, Mrs. Russ had eight slaves to wait on her. She was educated by the noted and beloved missionaries, Reverend and Mrs. Crosby of Port Simpson, where she met and married Mr. Russ. Their lives were devoted to the advancement of their people. Her daughter, Mrs. Ed. Stevens and Mrs. Kelly, wife of Rev. Peter R. Kelly, D.D., are well known all over British Columbia.

Did Justice Triumph Over the Medicine Man?

My Dear Maisie:

You asked me for a little story of a Medicine Man. I could not think of anything better than the case of Billie Owl, a chief who was noted for his power to heal. Now there is a great difference between a Medicine Man and a Witch Doctor—the Medicine Man aims to heal, the Witch Doctor aims to kill, now we have this right.

Billie Owl was called in to see Emma, she was suffering from a bad pain in her knee. She had gone to the white man's doctor for weeks, and had bought nine bottles of medicine, each costing three dollars.

Emma got worse, the white man's medicine did her no good. She had paid out a lot a good money for nothing, so Emma's husband said there is no use trying the white man's medicine any more, we will try our own doctor. Now the Indian law says, "No cure no pay," which I think is a very good method. Billie Owl went to work on Emma's knee, Billie worked hard and long, singing and dancing around Emma's knee, he blew on it, he rubbed it, after three hours of very hard dancing and singing he got the "bad song" out of Emma's knee and she was cured and Emma paid him by giving him her cook stove.

But it did not end there. The Reverend gentleman at the church where Billie Owl lived, reported Billie to the police and had him arrested for using witchcraft to cure her.

Billie Owl was taken to jail, poor Billie, he thought he had done right, for he had cured Emma's knee, he had taken the bad spirit out, and had thrown it away. Emma was lucky because if she had gone to the white man's doctor she might have had her appendix, her teeth and part of her bowels taken out, and thrown away at a very high cost.

The day for the trial was set and all those concerned were there. Emma was called to give evidence first and was asked if Billie Owl had cured her, she said "yes." She then opened a bag which contained nine empty medicine bottles and stood them all in a row, just to show that the white mans doctor's medicine had done her no

good and that Billie Owl had cured her and she had paid him.

The judge gave Billie Owl two months in jail and he was told never to do it again. Billie Owl was taken away on the big boat to Vancouver. He was sad and down-hearted. He was going away, a long way from his people and his home. He felt he would never understand white men's justice.

I am enclosing a little poem written by a fellow prisoner and given to Chief Billie Owl who years after gave it to me.

To Billie Owl,
Medicineman Chief:

*One old chap here is praying
Talking to his God;
He is afraid that they will take him
And put him beneath the sod.
But God has forgot this place.
No use for him to wail.
For they will do what they damn well please
In this God foresaken jail.*

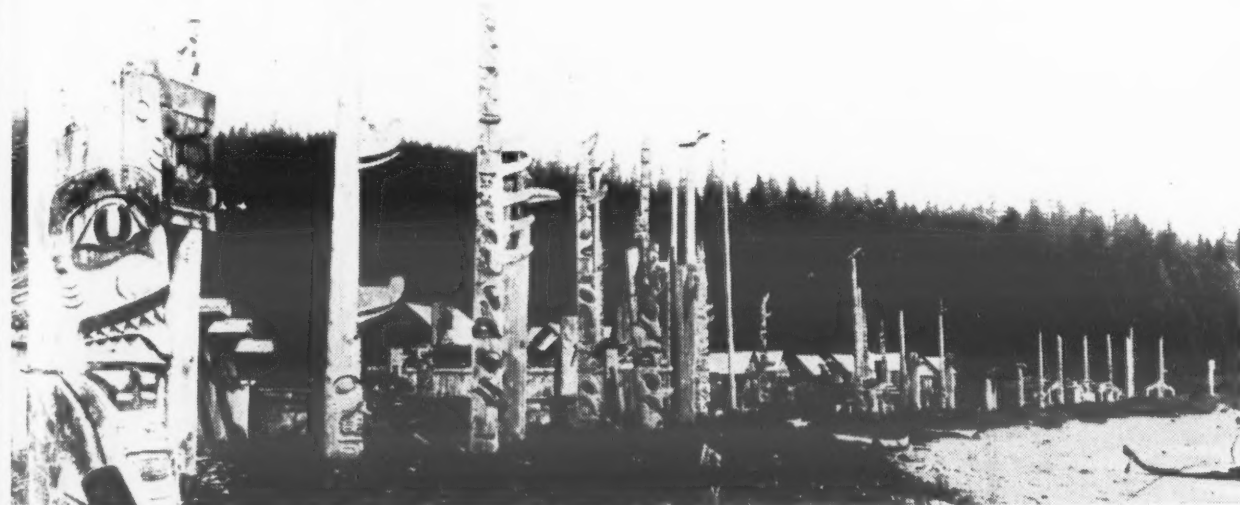
*He is charged with doing by witchcraft
A dark and evil deed
When they listen to such nonsense
Their brains have gone to seed.*

*He has my heartfelt sympathy
But all I can do is sigh,
For prayers are all he has got left
For his friends they pass him by.*

DAN C———
A fellow prisoner.

Hazelton Jail, March 23, 1928.

CONSTANCE COX,
First white girl born at Old
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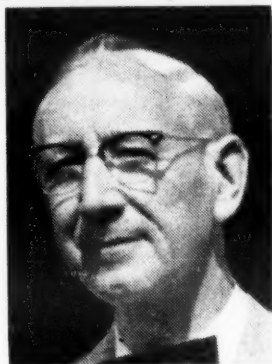
*British Columbia Kwakiwilt Indians pictured
in the year 1860.*



"QUAM-NE-AAH" REMEMBERS

By HARRY WALKER

In the early days of this century and up to the year 1914 the greatest holiday and celebration in the city of Victoria was "the 24th of May, Victoria Day." Almost every family packed up a picnic lunch and made their way, usually by street car, to the Gorge Park, where sports were held all day, and outdoor movies and a band entertained the huge crowd until about 10 o'clock. The most popular sports were those on the water, rowing, sculling, swimming and diving. Of all the events taking place on each 24th of May, it was always the canoe races between the various Indian tribes that were the most popular, and everybody living in Victoria in those days was an admirer of the exceptional skill and stamina of the Native men and women.



There were still a great many men skilled in building dugout canoes living on the Songhee Reserve on the west bank of Victoria harbour. It was here that I learned to admire the fine lines of the speedy canoes built for two or three persons.

By the year 1911 I was most eager to have my own boat, and so was my friend Edgar Wade, the same age as myself, so we pooled our total money and found that we had the sum of \$10.00 with which to buy our boat. It was natural for us to go to the Songhee Reserve where we had often watched canoes being made, and there we found just the canoe that had the fine lines that we knew would give us a very fast paddling boat. The canoe and two paddles cost us \$9.50, and there were never two happier boys than my friend and I that day.

We kept our canoe for seven years and traveled in her to all points from Victoria to about 20 miles to the west to Beecher Bay. We rigged her with a mainsail and a mizzen, and we hung a rudder on her stern. Later we changed her to a more practical gunther rig, and the single sail was easier to handle. This fine dugout canoe taught me how to handle a boat, and for many years I

spent some part of every day in her during both winter and summer.

Our elders claimed that our narrow canoe was unsafe, especially under sail, and worried during the long weekends we were away, but we were expert canoeists before many weeks had passed, and in all of the long years we travelled in her we never had an accident.

Today, looking backward, I am sure that my friend the canoe started me on the path that led me into work on boats and ships, starting with the V.M.D. in Victoria in 1919. The same canoe brought to me an admiration of the designing and handicraft ability of the Indian people.

For many years my work and life kept me away from the Indian people until in 1930 I went to work in the fur trade department of the Hudson's Bay Company at Hazelton and Kitwanga. It was at Kitwanga that I became much better acquainted with the Native people.

My life at Kitwanga was pleasant and satisfying, and while living in the village at Kitwanga, an honour was bestowed on me that I often proudly tell about. During the Christmas festive season of the year 1932 at the Kitwanga Hall, the president of the village council, acting on behalf of the people of Kitwancool and Kitwanga and Kitseucla, made me a member of the Frog family, and bestowed on me the name "Quam-ne-aah," which means "Blackfish," in the Gitishan tongue.

It is with great regret that I have forgotten most of the names of those taking part in the ceremony, but I remember that Harold Sinclair was one of the speakers, and that the late Albert Douse and his brothers were there. We had a fine evening, but more important than the good time was the feeling that I must throughout my life do whatever might be possible to justify the honour which was bestowed on me by the people of Kitwanga, of Kitwancool and Kitseucla.

During the many years that I have been in business in Coal Harbour, we have had many Native customers, and it is most gratifying that I cannot recall a single unpleasant incident. It could truthfully be said that my association with boats and engines started with my canoe.

Next year in the spring it is my intention to make a trip to Kitwanga before the people go to the Coast, so that I can look up some of my old friends there.

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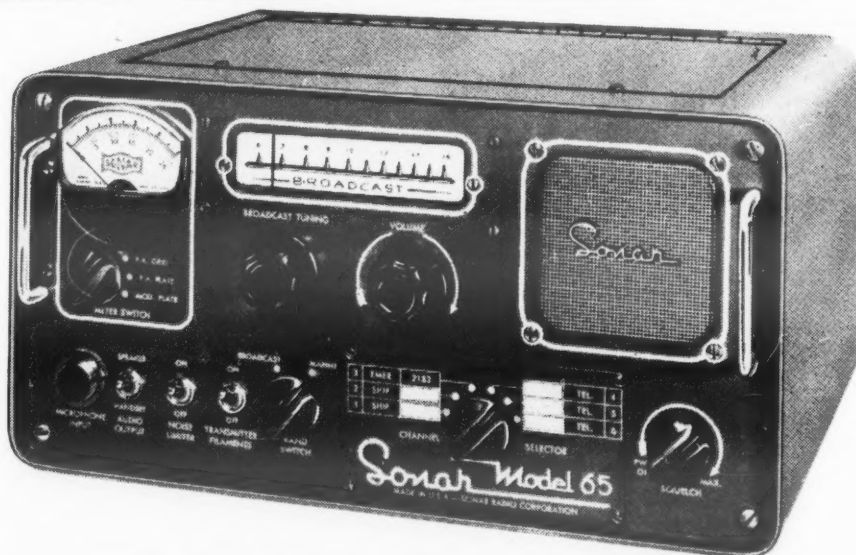
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ACCOUNT OF INDIAN POTLACH

Tsakwalstun, British Columbia, August 30, 1892

By J. W. GALLOWAY

THE WORD "potlach" literally means "to give a gift", but in this narrative it means "a feast". Sometimes it is a feast literally, but more often is the occasion of an orgy especially if abandoned white men come in with their fire water whilst the feast is in progress.

To give anything like a description of an Indian feast-potlach and dance, it would require the pencil of a Doré. However, with the aid of imagination I will describe it as it appeared to me.

You must imagine a house 240 by 140 feet enclosed in by large cedar boards 4 to 6 feet wide, 16 feet high, not sawn but split from the giants of the forests. Sitting around in two or three rows on an elevated platform all around are a number of older Indians who are invited guests. At their feet squatted on the floor are perhaps 500 Indians of both sexes and all ages.

The men all naked with the exception of a breach cloth and the indispensable blanket, a varied colored handkerchief adorns their head, whilst the hair and neck is covered with the fluff off cottonwood resembling cotton wool. The upper part of the face is painted a dirt brown around the the mouth a bright red, whilst the chin and ears rejoice in a daub of yellow.

The women all keep to one side of the place and are attired about the same, only the blanket is embroidered with abalone shells and beads. I should say I am now describing the people who will take part in the dances.

The ordinary sightseers are attired in a blanket and a liberal application of whitewash to the features, with a touch of red around the eyes and mouth. The chief ones to take part in the dance have blankets of red and blue with gilt trimmings, broad bands of black ribbons with silver beads adorn the ankles, the arms being covered with silver bracelets.

IN THE early morning they gather around and sing to the beating on a box resembling a drum—it is wonderful what good time they keep. At intervals an old man will harangue the people, extolling the generosity and liberality of the one giving the feast. He will talk at the top of his voice until exhausted, then the singing and drumming begins again.

When all are gathered, a large fire is kindled in the centre and as the only escape for the smoke is a hole 3 feet square in the roof the smoke soon becomes almost unbearable to one unaccustomed to it. Then boxes of biscuits and piles of dried salmon are brought in. The fish is cooked in the now blazing fire and the food is passed around. They dispense with tables, knives and forks, and such to them—useless articles—but seem to enjoy the food. During the meal, conversation never flags but a constant murmur interspersed with loud laughter shows that they are in the highest of spirits.

At a given signal, about 10 or 12 large canoes are launched, and they are large ones too. These are laden with blankets of all colors, trunks, boxes of biscuits and



J. W. GALLOWAY
... eyewitness at Indian Potlach
before the turn of the century.

pilot bread, tin pans, tin teapots, tin plates, silver bracelets, ear-rings, rings and money. The orators of the morning mount the pile and commences on hour's address to the increased crowd sitting on the beach in a burning sun.

What all this palaver was about I could not make out as I was not able to understand a word of the language except "Ki la Kash la", "how do you do." Then a small cannon is fired three or four times and the potlach proper begins, that is, giving away those articles to their "Tyhee Tillikums" or chief friends at this potlach witnessed by me. The value of the articles was over \$8,000, according to the Indian way of reckoning.

IN THE evening the dance took place. It is not every white person who is admitted to these dances, as they are against the law and punishable with imprisonment. I have been blamed for attending this one, giving my presence to it, but I did it so that I could become acquainted with these exhibitions, and so be able to show them how ridiculous these dances were. I had to use some diplomacy and secrecy to enable me to get in without being recognized. I am sure none of most intimate friends would have recognized me in my disguise that night.

The same house is used with the addition of two more fires, and a large quantity of cedar boughs, a few sputtering torches making the people look hideous. This scene beggars description.

About a dozen men are seated on the ground in the centre forming the dance party, and around these are 25 or 30 men. These are nearly naked with their bodies painted most hideously. These make various evolutions alternately, can get so mixed up sometimes that it is impossible to tell what they are or what they are doing. The drum is constantly sounding, accompanied by a beating on boards and a low mournful song.

Presently loud whistling from the woods, the door flies open and in rush two men, the veritable wild men

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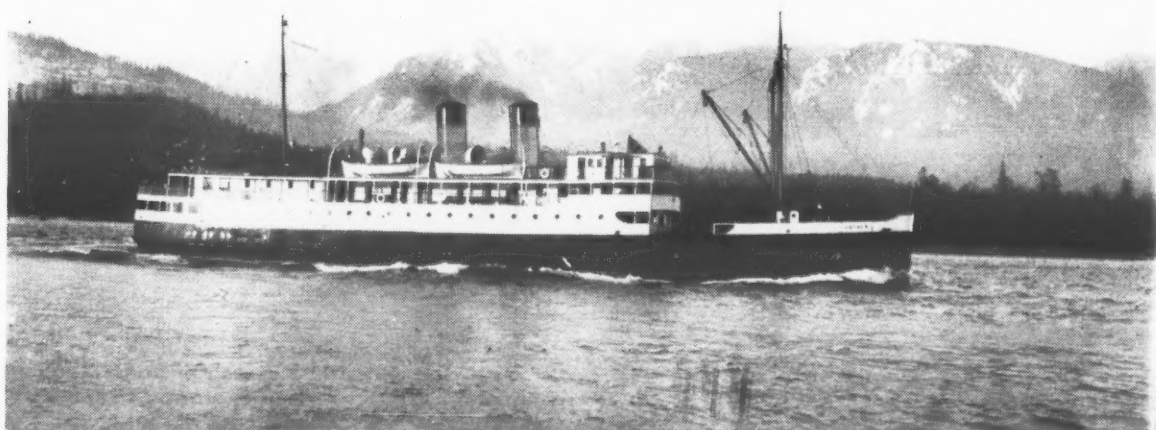
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of the woods. Their bodies covered with this wooly substance and painted all the colors of the rainbow, reminds one of the nursery story of Valentine and Orson.

AFTER racing and jumping around they commence snapping at any and everything, woe be to the one who shows fear at their approach, he will be harrassed until he is glad to get outside. After awhile some one hands a piece of raw flesh around, which is no sooner seen by these wild men than it is voraciously eaten.

Towards midnight the dance proper begins, the blankets are thrown off and they appear in all their natural ugliness made even worse by a liberal application of paint.

Not being particularly fond of this kind of entertainment, I threw off my disguise and in less than five minutes the building was empty. They were afraid I would inform the Agent and they would be sent to prison. It is these pollaches that keep these people in poverty. Such scenes were of very frequent occurrence, but now the young men have discouraged them and it is rare that one could be instituted.



REPAYING A DEBT

One day an Indian thought that he would like to find out how the white man made gun powder. He went to a nearby trader and asked him to show him how this was done, offering to pay him if he would teach him the secret.

With a smile, the trader said, "You plant it the same as you would corn; loosen the top soil; keep weeds away from it; see that it is well watered all summer; keep birds and animals away from it and, come fall, you will have a good crop of gun powder."

The Indian bought a large quantity of gun powder. He prepared several acres of land and carefully planted his gunpowder seed. All summer he carefully followed the instructions of the trader. In spite of his care nothing came up.

Late in the fall, the Indian asked the trader why gunpowder failed to grow. He received a hearty "Haw! Haw!" The Indian smiled and went home.

Later in the fall, just before the trapping season, the Indian contrived to get into debt to the white trader. It was customary for a trapper to get his winter outfit on credit and when spring came, to pay his debt with his winter's catch of furs.

That winter, the Indian trapper had good luck in trapping and the following spring he had many pelts.

He took his winter's catch to another trader who lived nearby. He did not pay his debt to the old trader who became very angry. He was especially upset when he learned that the Indian had given his rival his business.

When the angry white man asked the Indian for his money, the Indian coolly answered, "Me pay you when my powder grows!"

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WEeping TOTEM OF TANU

By CHARLES DUDOWARD

Port Simpson, B.C.

THE weeping Totem Pole stands on the island of Tanu, in the Queen Charlotte group and dates about a dred years old.

It shows a figure of a man shedding streams of tears. This is known as the Weeping Totem Pole of Tanu.

The legend of the Weeping Totem of Tanu was told long before the white man came.

When Chief Always Laughs ruled the people of the Northern Isle of the Queen Charlotte group, Always Laughs was a wise chief and knew that the Great Spirit dealt kindly with all creatures having life. The people could kill for food but not for pleasure. Chief Always Laughs heard the deer were fat on the Island of Tanu. The people liked fat deer so the Chief led a hunting party including seven sons, two grandsons and seven canoe-loads of the people.

It was evening when they reached camp; men gathered driftwood, others started a fire with rubbing sticks and flint.

In the morning, the hunting party split into small groups and went to hunt the fat deer of Tanu but they left the two boys in camp.

"Guard the fire, my grandsons," said the old Chief, "as it is easier to keep a fire going than it is to start it."

"We will watch the fire faithfully for our grandfather," they replied.

When the hunters returned that evening they found the fire out.

"What happened to the fire?" asked the Chief. "Why did you let it go out?"

"It was the toads," said the older boy.

"Yes," said the younger.

"When we gathered wood we found a large toad.

When we threw it on the fire, it swelled very large and burst with a bang."

"We had lots of fun," said the older boy, "small toads, big toads, all burst with big noise."

"But the last was the largest," said the younger, "when he burst, he put the fire out."

"Woe! Woe! My children," cried the wise Chief "Do you not know that those who harm one of the Great Spirit's creatures will suffer in a like way?"

"What a thing you have done," wailed the father of the boys, "we must leave this place. We cannot stay, not even for the fat deer of Tanu."

"To the canoes, quickly," shouted the old Chief. As all rushed to the seven canoes the earth started to tremble

and roar. Fire burst from the ground. The trees fell and the ground where the men stood opened and the hunting party disappeared. All perished. Only the Chief survived. And when he got home from that day he was known as the chief who always weeps for his children.

The Totem Pole was carved out and erected in memory of the chief by the remaining relations and tribe—this pole carved from a large cedar tree to be known as the Chief Weeping Totem Pole, holding a toad in the hands of a weeping man. Each stream of tears terminates on the head of a grandson. The base of the Totem Pole represents the face of a large toad.

Thus ends the legend of the Weeping Totem Pole of Tanu.

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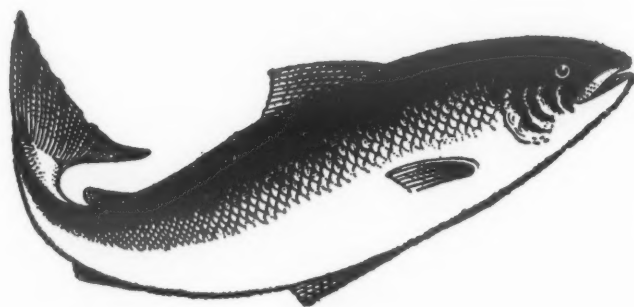


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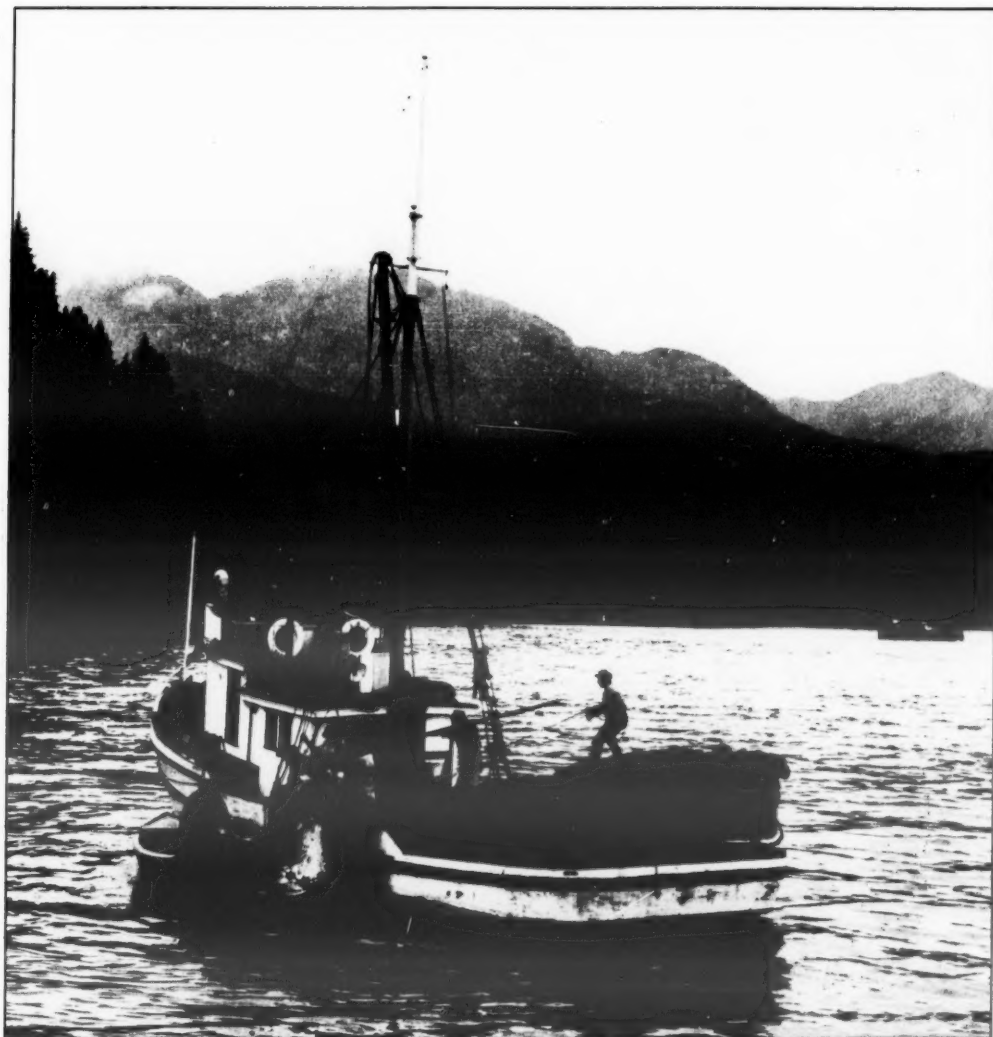
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